

Jimmy and Teddy
on Broadway

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

AUGUST 18, 1980

\$1.00



Maclean's

VOL 93 NO 33



One ounce of
Black Velvet.
A quarter ounce of
sweet vermouth.
A maraschino
cherry.
Lots and lots of
ice is now de rigueur.
Your friend will
come back and see
you sometime.



Lovers, lovers, lovers

Taken aboard as government officials tell Canadians what they can eat, drink, use, hear, even how they must sleep. But more than ever, people are now fighting back. **By 1**



Screen Wars

After three decades of near-total control over the TV airwaves, the networks suddenly find themselves battling for a place in a rapidly changing industry. Satellite, portable dish antennas, home-cables and two-way transmission systems are the weapons of a new war for the viewer's attention. Stay tuned as nearly hundreds of channels and services join the competition against TV's traditional fare.

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In a giant's walks

While scientists were still trying to tame the fallout from the huge May eruption of Mount St. Helens, at week's end they were faced with still more eruptions. **Page 40**

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The Mild One

is milder than ever!



CRAVEN "A" Special Mild

CRAVEN "A" The First Family of Mildness.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling.
Average per cigarette—100's: "Tar" 9 mg; Nic: 0.9 mg. King Size and Regular: "Tar" 4 mg; Nic: 0.4 mg.

Editorial

Pay-TV: a shot in the arm or a nail in the coffin?

By Peter C. Newman

When television first took over our leisure time a couple of decades ago, the old glossy proliferation was heard that its success would cut deep into popular reading habits, threatening the future of magazines. I never believed it. It still requires the printed word to confirm what you see on the boob tube. And besides, you can't sweat flies with a TV set.

The future of magazines seems assured, but television is about to be reinvented. The introduction of pay-TV (page 38) will transform all of our viewing habits, bringing first-run movies, glitzy showbiz spectaculars and top-line sports events directly into living rooms and, most important of all, allowing each viewer to fashion his own mix of home entertainment.

Pay-TV was available in Canada on an experimental basis in 1960 but, starting next year, the CBC will probably allow its development on a national scale. In the U.S. nearly six million viewers already spend \$180 million a month watching this new form of home entertainment.

The introduction of pay-TV brings with it as many problems as opportunities, but two criteria are absolutely essential in any scheme to wire Canada's homes with this fabulous new medium: most of the revenues it produces should be funneled into the production of

Canadian films and other programming, and whatever new CRTC regulations govern its use should be designed to guarantee the continuing viability of the CBC. Pay-TV must not be allowed to become just a new method of marketing foreign films—see more below on an already fractured CBC audience. Certainly the size and influence of the networks will suffer, especially if pay-TV is allowed to siphon off the most popular programs from regular channels so they wouldn't be available free to nonsubscribers.

According to Richard Nielsen, president of Nielsen-Ferms International Ltd., Canada's largest independent television producers, pay-TV can put \$12 million a week into domestic production if the new service is exploited aggressively enough. That kind of funding would detonate an unprecedented creative explosion, based not on such artificial incentives as tax shelters and government grants but on the much more inspiring ideal of Canadian entertainers being able to reach and hold their audiences.

Pay-TV is not just a more expensive way of watching better television. It could become the final nail in the coffin that helps bury the dream of developing a distinctive Canadian culture. Or, properly regulated, it could provide the kind of financial climate within which we could develop our own film industry as well as *M*A*S*H*s and Johnny Carson.



Maclean's

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Tin stars in the galaxy

by Susan Riley

Prime Minister Trudeau seemed to sink lower in his Commons chair, his mouth pursed in an embarrassed smile. A row behind him his red-faced defence secretary, Gilles Lamontagne, was dodging an opposition challenge—and awkwardly contradicting some of the prime minister's own most-cherished notions in the process. Earlier that July week, Lamontagne told a national television audience that Canada and the West need nuclear weapons to counteract the Soviet threat—a position contrary to

Trudeau's own personal views and to Canadian policy. Instead of retreating in the House the next day, Lamontagne blundered on, insisting the West needs more sophisticated weapons, including the neutron bomb, "so we can talk peace and disarmament from a position of strength, not weakness."

But that outbreak was by no means the last. Continuing word from the former mayor of Quebec City. Ever since he was given the defence portfolio, he has been a puppet of the military bureaucracy, determined, apparently, to out-hawk them all. "I'm a hawk [the deputy minister of defence] has Gilles wrapped around his little finger," says NDP defence critic Terry Brauer. Certainly the minister has given no indication he has any ideas or policy on defence, beyond a personal nostalgia for the days when he was a Second World War fighter pilot. Nothing makes that plainer than his uncritical acceptance of the \$1-billion plus F-16 fighter plane contract with the McDonnell Douglas corporation, despite serious questions about the aircraft's technical soundness and its maintainability. For Lamontagne it was love at first sight. The former flying ace was allowed to test fly one of the fighters at Ottawa airport one cold April day and he emerged elated. "It's like making love," he told reporters. "When you get older you don't do it the same way. But you never forget!"

It's like making war, too. The defence minister's enthusiastic sales-pitching and 1950s view of the world have a shifting, distorting ring. In a tough editorial in *Le Devoir*, journalist Louis Rismawette says it is odd that Lamontagne—who was no standout as postmaster-general or as mayor of Quebec—should be included as the federal cabinet's "What is new?" spokesman. "To that he is allowed to stray," Rismawette says. Trudeau needs him because of political clout in Quebec City: others say this is nonsense—the Liberals are hardly vulnerable there.

But however richly deserving of criticism the minister might be, it is unlikely he will be retired to the cuff links in time. In fact, the rumors of a fall cabinet shuffle that have been swirling through the capital on a lay summer breeze don't seem to have much substance. That's not because Trudeau

does assemble a brilliant cabinet—far from it. But in six months of Liberal rule no one has stood seriously—that is, done anything criminal. There were no great disappointments before the Commons summer recess began because there were no great expectations to begin with.

So far, the least luminous member of a tarnished galaxy is the Quebec-born transport minister, Josee Lee Piqué, who represents eastern Ottawa and who wields the high-profile portfolio of federal-provincial relations. Piqué has built a reputation for industry and intelligence, largely through liberal application of his personal charm. But even if it is unfair to expect him to

have mastered the complex and vast transport portfolio in a few months, he displayed in the Commons the political instincts of an amateur. He was often unable to answer questions on transport in the House, and repeatedly fumbled off questions on his other responsibility, the Canadian wheat board, with what many Westerners regarded as an unpleasantly frequent, Piqué's estimated style. His flaming brown eyes and verbal fluency may impress university undergrads, but as one astute former at the Liberals' recent Winnipeg convention commented shortly after a session with the minister: "He's all talk." He can hardly have been less sensitive to the West, threatening to abandon some Western rail lines the Tories had denied to save, and to cut off federal aid to port facilities at Prince Rupert, B.C.

Piqué isn't a personal favorite of Trudeau's and if his performance doesn't improve, that fact may find himself shuffled. Meanwhile, Indian Affairs Minister Joln Manro survived a bruising and embarrassing set-back with his health only to make headlines a few weeks later when he missed a meeting with Ontario's Indian chiefs, though he managed on the same day to attend to patronage duties back home in Hamilton. External Affairs Minister Mark MacGillivray, who looks younger than his 49 years, has not distinguished himself, nor has he bombed. Finance Minister Allan Rock has, in the words of one critic, "done what a finance minister should be doing in times like these: fighting fires and keeping his head down."

In fact, in some extent the cabinet is under orders to be lackluster. Trudeau has warned his ministers privately and publicly not to list too openly after his job, and they have all been behaving obediently. In this highly charged atmosphere any cabinet change takes on profound significance, and could make or unmake a future prime minister. But it is important to remember that in cabinet holding ability often counts less than loyalty or geography. In this case that is just as well. Talent is not something the Liberal caucus possesses in abundance.

Susan Riley is a *Maclean's* correspondent in Ottawa.



Lamontagne in action cockpit catches them all



"Your Henninger, sir."

Henninger drinkers know there's something special about their beer.

It's the superior taste of a fine premium beer, brewed in Canada, in the great European tradition. With the

care and pride of an independent brewer. Using ingredients that cost a little more. So Henninger Export costs a little more. And a Henninger drinker will tell you it's worth it.

Henninger. The taste that costs a little more.

'Good night, Chief'

By Dick Spencer

It's a time to remember.

When our bedroom phone rang a little after six on the morning of Aug. 16, 1978, and a male voice asked me to comment on John Diefenbaker, I replied that "The Chief" was "looking forward to his trip." This was a pious "Mr. Spencer," the voice said calmly. "No worry. You obviously haven't heard that Mr. Diefenbaker died in Ottawa this morning." My God! No, I hadn't heard! Now, obviously, Dief's long-planned trip to China needed no comment from anyone.

I gave the editors presman some wooden lines to quote from one who had turned as president of the former-time Diefenbaker association for 35 years and five federal elections. My private grief was, thankfully, contained by the diverse of the early hour in Prince Albert. With that interview and the others that followed, I needed about the prophetic nature of that night of his last election.

It hadn't been an ordinary Diefenbaker election. First there had been real reasons as to whether he should run at all. Was he too old? What about the memory? Shouldn't they be killed? Incredibly, we sounded out the possibility of defeat. After all, we had more than a candidate to advise. We had a legend on our hands. The triumph of the Easter week (Easter followed that was a week that will never be fully disturbed to any public. That week, a handful of friends put a very sick John Diefenbaker to bed and kept him there, protected and isolated, while the corridors in Prince Albert's Matthews Hotel filled with people from across the land, howling their



'Is there another Diefenbaker on Parliament Hill today?'

red little crutches of children pointing for pictures or autographs and a younger set, surrounded with him and celebrating the national victory of another leader. Joe Clark, I wanted as I heard mutters of concern about the next Prime Albert election and the next candidate. He didn't hear these.

When it was time for the immediate to leave the public events and go to a small traditional late supper, he had gone upstairs to his second-floor room. I was distracted by, being him down. He was there except for Amber McQueen, a friend from Ottawa. I took his long hand and shook it gently. It felt spent and vulnerable. "Congratulations John, another great win." This was ritual, as I had said this countless times during the campaign. He had been lying on the bed and had removed his coat and shoes and every blue polka-dotted tie. His crinkled grey hair had that familiar shape. He lay back on the bed again. Letters, telegrams and newspapers were strewn about. A man-service tray sat untouched on the coffee table. Gills of fruit and candy stood unopened. Only one lamp was lit. No, he didn't want to come to supper. I knew he was tired and I sensed he was suddenly fulfilled, after a 19th century? Somehow, I felt McQueen and I were intruding. "Good night, Chief." I shook hands with the last light. "I'll see you in a day or two." "Good night, Dick." When the door closed behind me, I knew this wasn't just "good night." I don't know how people know these things. They are just feelings along the heart. But I knew.

And then, so soon, it was Aug. 16. Now a year later, when I get off the Matthews elevator opposite Room 211, I sometimes stop. If the hall is empty, "Oh Chief, wait up! Wait for me!"

Over many years, I witnessed the controversy that swirled around him and I knew that he was both loved and hated. All do not share my affection for the man. But on this first anniversary of his death, it seems probable that even his detractors will reflect and admit I have a simple and insistent question in their minds: John Diefenbaker on Parliament Hill today? In our struggle to survive, Canada needs another "Chief" with Dief's common love for this country. We need the big named and carried forward in great campaigns. We need some term and some joy again. I like to believe that a new Diefenbaker will come to help to save us. But I doubt it, and I think it sad and dangerous for Canada that there is no one now.

Dick Spencer is the mayor of Prince Albert, Sask.

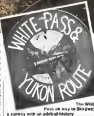
The train to 'outside'



By Thomas Hopkins

Outside. It's a word a visitor hears all the time in the Yukon. It means, simply, any place that's not Yukon. When you leave Whitehorse or Dawson City to travel south to British Columbia or even to Alaska, you're heading to the "outside." For the 80 years or so that non-Indians have paid as attention to the flattened humps of Yukon mountains or the wide moose plains of its rivers, the way to get "outside" has meant the crossing and unlikely White Pass and Yukon Railway built in the flush of Victorian gold greed to ferry some American prospectors over the notorious "Hill Train" of the White and Chilkoot Passes, the White Pass Railway—a cultural and economic artery for the territory—grinds 175 km from the ocean port of Skagway, Alaska, north into Whitehorse.

In recent years, however, the controversial railway has come unweaved. The reason is that what is charmingly pocket for tourists can be centrally inefficient for modern transport needs. The once isolated monopoly that had the company to mount that, if something new in the Yukon, White Pass knows it, and caused locals to blithely with the beautiful landscape of a Western farmer for the CPR, has broken down in the face of new competition from roads and



The White Pass on way to Skagway, a railway with an oddball history.

trucks. Although the railway is a boon to the region's vital tourist business with its polished snow, freshly worked baggage racks and rattling picture-window views of the picturesque valleys of the St. Elias coastal mountains, the Whipsaw company that owns it has nonetheless said it will close the railway unless it gets government help. In early 1979, the federal Liberals said no help was coming. Since the rebirth of the Liberals, current Indian Affairs and Northern Development Minister John Manra has said the railway will be saved with a formula to be revealed later this month.

"It's all politics," snorts truckman Wally Land from the engine cab of a southbound White Pass train as it

plinks and jingles beside 45-ton-long Lake Bennett. For Land, engineer Horrie Mortimer and conductor Duke Kinn, it is a good life. "I make \$10,000 more than my brother gets doing the same job as I," says Land. For the American crowd that rides the train up the treacherous Kink from Skagway in Alaska to Bennett in British Columbia, the hovering threat of shutdown is more acute. "The railway is the town," says Bob Hennessey, mayor of Skagway, the tiny tourist-oriented village at the head of the Lynn Canal. Fully 100 of the town's 800 residents work for White Pass, most for their whole lives.

For the Yukon, it's a "vibrant development" as well as a continuing magnet for tourists. Many start the summer trip to Skagway, where they can board one of seven tour boats that dock there, from Whitehorse, a city of ghost hunting nests, cars stained uniformly dark with dust and lines of cracked windshield like Jasper Johns paintings. Flitting buildings dating from the Gold Rush are covered now with the angular linings of aluminum siding and locals stride in jeans over blue but now the pale tint of Alyse are flanked at the end of Main Street on the banks of the Yukon River in the White Pass train station, constructed of log siding with red cedar shingles on the roof. Beside the forest-green cars, a mound of backpacks and drooping luggage groans.

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Acid remarks

The study involving the tagging and recapturing of fish populations in Lakes Erie and George Lakes, as mentioned in your article on acid rain, was the doctoral research of Richard J. Beaman and not my work as your story reported.

HAROLD H. HARTNEY, PROFESSOR OF
BIOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

The report referred to by Mr. MacGregor in your cover article *Acid Rain* (June 30) as produced by "Deep Throat" was done by my company under a contract to Environment Canada. The author of the report was Mr. Rainer J. Martens, a world-recognized authority on the nickel industry. Contrary to the assertion by Mr. MacGregor, the report does not in any fashion deal with the cost of sulphur dioxide control. We were asked to provide an analysis of the world nickel industry and the competitive position of the companies represented. It was by our request that the report be laid confidential since it contains proprietary information, the release of which could jeopardize legitimate competitive interests. It appears that Maclean's has seen our participation in the acid rain investigation in a manner reminiscent of Watergate and Linda Lovelace. I assure you that we are not so tainted.

BRIAN J. POLLOCK, PRESIDENT, BRIAN J. POLLOCK AND ASSOCIATES LTD., TORONTO

A heart-stopper

I admire Mr. Murray's display of heart for a reason far removed from his own faith. We must recognize that the Supreme Court's decision to ban Bible readings and the Lord's Prayer from state-supported schools in the U.S. was



Linking Ontario lakes in winter reminds
civics of Watergate and Linda Lovelace

ask a triumph for people's rights, but rather a most typical denial of same. We must begin to conduct ourselves in a manner not only representative of our belief in freedom, but consistent with rational law. Such a formalization of policy would recognize that government cannot circumvent. It can merely uphold our basic rights to free will.

GEORGE FLEMING, OSHKOSH, IOWA

A blush stroke

In an article entitled "Supermodel" in the *Spectator* (West, April 21) by Carol Kinsley, you included a reference to Derek (Red Robbo) Robinson. This statement referred to him being fond and beautiful. Although the text you included a photograph of me. We are not the same person and obviously your comments alongside my photograph can affect me adversely.

DEREK BURNBUSH
GOLFORD, ONTARIO

Citizens' come

Hugo McPherson's perspective on the value of the National Film Board and the CBC rested of self-interest more than it did of thoughtful concern. *No Government, No Culture* (Podium, June 16). I think McPherson's defense of a good thing for the politically well-connected, under the guise of "culture," is no inherent a piece of claptrap to come off the frozen typewriters of the *CanLit* proponents in quite some time. It appears that, with few exceptions, the people who are identified with the arts in this country can be seen most readily in the lineup for the latest subsidy. I can't see where it has raised the consciousness of the citizenry much those of us who care to read and enjoy other forms of the arts ask only that the state not interfere itself between our cultural desires and their objects. The banal, ill-considered efforts of the CBC do not deter me from my artistic engagements. I simply view them as another example of financial irresponsibility among the many we have come to expect from the federal money-barneg machine.

BRIAN BUCHANAN, VANCOUVER

Cheeks and balances

I beg to differ with James Wolf's statement in your article *The Mature Woman* (Lifestyle, July 7) that "Dependence isn't love. That's weakness." We are all a balance of strength and weakness. Learning the give and take of marriage is a sign of maturity. It most certainly is a part of love as many happily married couples can testify.

CANDACE DUNNICKY,
MONTREAL, QUE.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and send correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 611 The Centre Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5V 1A7.

The schmaltz of summer

By Susan Riley

A great wave of soft-focus schmaltz is sweeping the country's airwaves this week as the federal government launches its \$6-million ad campaign to stimulate interest in constitutional reform—surely the advertising challenge of the century. But if this month's offerings are any indication, the radio, television and newspaper ads are more likely to tooth off a national epidemic of narcissism. Although some of the ads actually mention the word "constitutional," many are simply pretty pictures with dreamy Wimp scripts. "They look like these pretty girls with breathtaking sunsets on the cover and vivid aphorisms inside," said one critic.

Opposite Mr. X immediately put up a cry that the ad campaign is simply another taxpayer's money to push the liberal line on constitutional reform, and that it is unnecessary and costly. But it is hard to sustain rage at anything so innocuous. One of the television ads—by Toronto's Maclean's agency—shows people in slow-motion lights, a Joan Baez-like voice humming O Canada in the background, and a soft voice talking about freedom.

A spokesman for the Canadian Daily Information Office (CDIO)—the group that wrangled Quebec with federal advertising during the referendum, in defiance of provincial spending limits—said the constitution ads "were designed to avoid controversy." But as the September first-ministers' conference in Ottawa draws nearer, the ads will become more specific. In one, a team of mountain climbers ascends a helix while a voice urges "co-operation" and says "a new, strengthened constitution will keep us all together."



But what is the deeper message behind the messages? Smart money says it is all a ploy to marshal public opinion behind Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in his expected showdown with the provinces this fall. Almost everyone is expecting the Sept. 8-32 first-ministers' conference to fail, and Trudeau has threatened unilateral action if that happens. It is possible he will announce a unilateral move to patriate the constitution—in action, incidentally, supported by 78 per cent of the population, according to a Gallup poll released last week. That apparently insistent move—to bring the British North America Act, which forms the basis for our constitution, home from London and make it an all-Canadian document—could require only a majority vote in the Canadian Commons and Senate, and is certainly not seriously opposed at Westminster. But provincial governments have long been apoplectic. It isn't that they want to maintain Canada's colonial status; they are merely afraid that once Ottawa wins final say on the constitution, it will make changes that might diminish provincial power. However, federalists argue that won't happen. They see a recent ruling by the Supreme Court of Canada stipulating the federal government must consult with the provinces before making any changes to the constitution. They also say it is only

Scenes from a federal government television advertisement on constitutional reform: pretty pictures with dreamy Wimp scripts likely to tooth off narcissism

once Trudeau gets the constitution home that the sparks really will start to fly—and the battle for public opinion will begin to erupt.

In fact, it is probably a good idea to prepare for more games and victory issues. In an anxious Premier Laflamme and his government looking for ways to counteract both the federal constitution campaign and another \$4-million federal effort aimed at convincing Canadians there is no energy crisis. What he's most is to be reminded that the battle for our hearts and minds is being fought with our own money. ☐

Canada

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I enclose label to 1) Change name and 1) FLARE and include old address label from those magazines as well

The 10,000 commandments



By Robert Lewis

Grace Yangie is 72 and living alone now, but she has a small armoire where in Lakeland, Ont., and she is still mad as hell. The wrath flares from a vest last fall by a federal officer who deemed that her two vintage wicker seats—one dates from the day her father opened shop 72 years ago—would have to go as part of the conversion to metric measurement in the Peterborough area. "He wasn't nasty at all," Grace Yangie recalls, "but I just looked at him." Later, simmering about the prospect of a \$2,000 investment in antique equipment, she refused to switch. Opponents of Boves and natives across Canada blasted the protest as "the Grace Yangie technique." Says the feisty proprietor, "Now, I wouldn't take the old seats off the counter even if I go to jail."

Such militancy in the face of government-by-rule-book is on the rise across the land—and little wonder. From the

Peterson and (right) Yangie: Now, I wouldn't take the old seats off the counter even if I go to jail



moment anyone awakes to radio music prescribed by Canadian content rules, through lunch at the government-inspected group spoon to sleep beneath the strata doctrine required in some areas, virtually no avenue of human endeavor is left to state Governments establish the cost of gas, eggs, telephone calls, airplane fares, alcohol and book loans. They lay norms, pop bottles, even making the day.

In Ottawa 150 regulatory statutes—rules flowing from general legislation but with no specific approval in Parliament—fill more than 2,000 pages. The 16 provincial governments spew out roughly the same amount of fine print and, combined, have more than 1,000 laws currently on the books. The multiplicity of don and die is sometimes pro-

duced cannily to rival Lloyd and Hardy. In British Columbia, for example, the Fire Marsh's Act said that boiler-room doors must swing one way, while the National Building Code would have them go the other. Throughout Ontario, retailers ponder why liquid anti-killer is hard, while ant traps are exempt.

"A national disease," claims John Balluch, head of the Canadian Federation of Independent Business. In a sense, a growing number of doctors offer prescriptions for the malady in the national journals. Politicians are talking to wardens at the tables of reform. Ottawa establishes an office for the Paper Baron. The first ministers declare

in assembly. "The burden of government regulation on the private sector must be reduced," then came a \$4-billion study of red tape by the Economic Council of Canada. The final report, complete with name histories and horse stories, is scheduled for release in December.

That happens to be the timing for a final report by a special task force of nine, which last week capitalized on the Ottawa summer doldrums by holding a press conference to announce public hearings across Canada this fall. Says Chairman Jim Peterson, a Toronto corporation lawyer, "We want to make sure that our regulations listen to the people affected and are held accountable." The task force, bearing many of the same experts employed by

the Economic Council, recycled many pet suggestions from the bulging shelf of recent sources on regulations. Among them: advance notice and wider distribution of proposed federal regulations, now published after the fact in the obscure *Canada Gazette*, funding for public interest groups to challenge or support new rules, parliamentary review, now almost nonexistent, and reform in the appointment process for government boards and agencies, where party loyalty often is more important than expertise.

The diatribe call for deregulation, however, often cuts into a chamber. Where people stand often depends on where they sit. "While all businessmen

accepted. People choose to go down the market, but not to live near a nuclear plant. It's perception, not reality we like to die in familiar ways."

Politicians like to thrive on the same principle—which often means more regulation, not less. As a general rule, the Progressive Conservative Party is more vocal exponent of deregulation. Yet in Ontario, ruled for the past 37 years by the PCs, there was a 100-per cent increase in regulations between 1970 and 1979. Reaction-based Premier William Davis was even cutting far more rules last week. During a meeting with automotive sector representatives, angry about massive layoffs in Ontario, Davis refused a call for a federal investigation of possible dumping or unfair trading of foreign cars. The next day, declaring that "I don't think we as a nation owe the Soviet Union anything," the premier urged a ban on the import of inexpensive, Soviet-made Lada cars in Quebec, meanwhile, responding to the cutoff of water for two months in the Eastern Townships community of Farnham, the government threatened to revoke permits for pig farmers who dump waste into the polluted Muskoka River. The farmers retorted that when they wanted government help to build a waste-treatment plant in 1976, it was denied.

Nor were any political voices raised in protest against a series of major regulatory decisions announced last week. Among them:

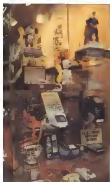
- The Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) ruling to end Bell Canada's equipment monopoly—and \$300 monthly levy per extension phone—deciding that citizens now have the right to buy their own extra sets and plug into Bell lines.
- Mr. Justice Thomas Berger's ruling that Alcanco Inc. of Canada Ltd. would have to stop a federal order under the Fisheries Act to increase the flow of water over a dam into the Muskoka River in central BC (Weekend, Aug. 13) just 30 minutes after the ruling by Berger, whose deliberated report effectively killed the Muskoka Valley gas pipeline in 1977. Alcanco increased the flow of water.
- A federal environmental assessment panel finding that Klamath National Ltd., a Crown agency, would have to make more than \$100 million worth on the wild impact before it can go ahead with five-year-old plans for a \$100-million aluminum refinery at Warman, Sask. (see story page 35).
- The Atlantic response reflected a genuine quandary for many companies dealing with regulations. It already has spent \$1 million on the railway pro-

posed and an environmental hearings and argues there is no way it can produce an objective finding on the social impact. Yet, when the panel first asked Eldorado for guidance last November, before formal hearings began, the company did not produce the information.

Companies have other ways of being uncooperative with regulators who, in turn, are jumpy among the giants. In fact, whose infamous attack at Sudbury is one of the largest single sources of acid rain pollution in North America, last week moved again to resist Ontario government orders to reduce sulphur emissions between now and 1985. When Ontario finally did impose the order, after a one-month delay, it set no date for its start. Just, nevertheless, in appeal to the environment minister, the cabinet and, ultimately, to the courts.

In Ottawa there have been similar encounters with toothless regulatory agencies. Under a regulatory reform begun in August, 1979, and announced by industry, the feds undertook to do studies on the socioeconomic impact of new regulations in areas such as job safety and environmental health. The first of two reports released in December, 1979, recommended a partial ban on certain chlorofluorocarbons in aerosol sprays, which are said to destroy the Earth's ozone layer and produce skin cancer. The report, according to an analysis by Ottawa's Institute for Research on Public Policy, "does not establish a case for chlorofluorocarbon regulation" and "concedes that regulation of Canadian chlorofluorocarbons use may not directly benefit Canadians at all, since Canada is responsible for only a tiny fraction of the ozone-depleting problem—a problem which can only be solved by global action." The regulations were finally passed in April anyway, but only after Dupont of Canada Ltd., one of the major fluorocarbon producers, dropped its bid for public hearings. The other study, on regulating arsenic poisoning produced by gold mines in the Northwest Territories and Northern Ontario, so far has not resulted in any emission-control order.

The regulatory agencies are the high cost to society—constitutes a saga that is as old as time. In 2300 B.C., the Code of Babylonian King Hammurabi stated starkly: "If a builder builds a house for a man and does not make its walls firm, and the house falls and kills the owner, he shall be put to death. If he has built a kitchen and causes the death of the owner of the house, that builder shall be put to death." That was consumer home protection on a scale unimaginable to dwellers in the 20th century. And yet, and procedures were used to all. These are the new rules. The regulation was a success in all respects—except that the society died. ☐



Mini-Bell gimmick phones on sale in Toronto last week: preach or prefer?

vince competition, many prefer to preach under the umbrella of benevolent regulation," observes Michael Berschick, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission in Washington, which has stifled regulations and less severity than Ottawa. Major events—say, a Three Mile Island nuclear incident, or a derailment of chlorinated hydrocarbon cars in Mississauga, Ont.—are likely to bring regulation writing. It matters little that more people have died from exploding tanker trucks than from nuclear plants. Notes William Skarbery, director of the Economic Council's regulatory reference, "Dying in coal mines, which has been going on for years, is

Saskatchewan

One up for the plowshares

The homesteaders who tamed the first prairie and in the area 20 km northwest of what is now Saskatoon, in 1895, were Menominee who had emigrated 20 years earlier from the Ukraine to escape persecution and military service. Although not grown to the sunny black earth or the horse-and-buggy life of their Amish brethren in Ontario, the prairie Menominees, for all their big farms, modern machinery and automobiles, still show markers of any land (although some volunteer as ambulance drivers in local World War II fund drives) they work for global brotherhood in such ways as sending teachers abroad to help developing countries grow better crops. By the census of 1971



Eldorado refinery in Port Hope, Ont. Doell and Doell local, global

leapt eventually to the production of atomic bombs.

Consequently, Doell and other members of the group were silent last week when a federal environmental assessment panel announced it could not endorse the Eldorado project because of concerns over possible social impacts on the Warman community. While concluding that the project was both environmentally and technologically sound, the report said the panel was unable to reach a conclusion on the potential impact on the "human environment." More information was needed, it said, about "the extent to which the presence of a nuclear refinery might erode the religious beliefs of the residents of the community and the likely consequences." Says Doell: "Eldorado didn't convince me or anyone else that the uranium would not be used to make weapons."

By it was not surprising, when they discovered four years ago that the federal Crown corporation Eldorado Nuclear Ltd. wanted to build a \$200-million uranium refinery just outside the town, that the residents rallied to oppose the project. They formed the Warman and District Concerned Citizens Group—and let it be known freely but politely that they wanted nothing to do with the refinery. Typically, group member Leonard Doell, a 35-year-old Menominee who has lived on the community almost all his life, views the refinery as part of the nuclear chain that

pest eight years as it has become a dark, smoky shadow of Saskatoon. Thanks to that growth, Eldorado estimates that the local population is now no more than 40 per cent Menominee, but Chairman Edgar Epp says the Concerned Citizens estimate the figure as high as 90 per cent for the surrounding rural district. One of the group's serious concerns, however, is that further industrial growth will weaken both the rural agricultural and moral character of the area. Certainly hundreds of present squatters lined up for the public hearings in January, at which feelings became intense, and Epp says that active membership in the Concerned Citizens organization remains at 500. He admits that the group has apparently lost the support of about 25 members from the nearby Riverview Heights colony, a distantly related sect which cherishes similar pacifist beliefs. The Heisterhies have announced they are withdrawing their objections to the refinery because the hearings convinced them the uranium operation would not harm the colony in any way. "Their view is local, ours is much more global," says Epp.

The report of the environmental assessment panel was not an outright rejection of the refinery project. It left Eldorado two possible options: to select a new site—and start hearings all over again—or go before a resumed hearing on the Warman site with more information on potential social and religious implications. On the left, Eldorado Vice-President Ronald Dukers said the corporation has already studied 14 alternative sites and Warman was really the only one it will consider, although Eldorado directors will give the report further study. But if it should opt for further public hearings into the Warman site, it asks court on an even stronger fight from the pacifists. According to Doell: "I think the opposition will be there and it will increase."

James Walker

Good neighbors in hard times

It made national headlines last May because it was one of the worst traffic accidents on record in Canada—an automobile and a tanker truck in collision with a bus in which 12 young men met their sudden deaths. A coroner's jury assembled for the fourth time to hear bearing seven days of evidence about just what happened on a stretch of two-lane Towns-Canada Highway, 38 km west of Swift Current, Sask., last September. The jury heard the coroner's stark account of the emotional shock wave the tragedy sent through

the Swift Current area, or how the community reached out to become involved—even though the victims were complete strangers.

The main line of the C.P. Rail runs through Swift Current, leading from Regina toward Calgary, and the crest of yellow school bus, almost destroyed in the accident, had been brought in a few days before to carry a "steel crew" back

BCMP Constable Ben Priday found the grim puzzle of how to tell one victim from another. Others of the steel crew told him that Edward Brambette, 30, of Porters Lake, Nova Scotia, had a habit of always carrying three spikes in his pocket, and as children were cut away from one body there were the three spikes. Another rail worker told Priday how he had said a watch to a buddy



Crash site and truck driver Bob Shaw (below) three spikes in one man's pocket

and forth from work. The truck replaced a lost gang, lined to a multi-car work train abouted onto a siding at nearby Seward, had been recruited from all over the country. On May 28, there were 30 of them being ferried back from an afternoon work shift—all young, in their late teens and 20s. Their 1985 Chrysler was seen approaching through the rain on the wrong side of the highway ahead, the impact was told by survivors. Bus driver Michael Beach stated, "What's that I'm trying to do?" The impact knocked the bus on its side and sent it skidding across the median into the path of a tanker truck loaded with thousands of gallons of hot, liquid asphalt. The passengers were flung through the air, most of them killed on impact, even before flames from the suddenly igniting asphalt engulfed them. Although the truck driver and the two occupants of the car miraculously escaped, 25 of the steel crew were killed—six of them (including the one who was driving the bus that day) from Manitoba, one from Ontario, one from Nova Scotia and 11 from the farthest-west province of all, Newfoundland.

The bodies of the 22 workers were laid out temporarily in Swift Current's neighborhood Fagundes ice arena, where the heavily saddened coroner's jury gathered for its first official duty, viewing the remains. And that is where

the day before, and the watch was found still on the wrist of his friend Michael Beach.

Two days after the highway crash, a crowd of 500 passed First United Church in Swift Current for an emotional memorial service. Somebody suggested, out of the rather haphazard fatigue people felt while confronted with such a disaster affect a strategy that a fund should be started for relatives of the dead. The memorial association saw to the placing of donation boxes in churches and homes. Although C.P. Rail undertook the major task of sending all

the bodies home to the next of kin, with proper consent, the ministers saw that the \$4,500 subsequently collected was carefully distributed to the 22 families concerned. The railway will also erect a plaque in honor of the victims of the crash.

The August coincided last week with the jury meeting that the Trans-Canada Highway in the province be four-laned all the way to the Alberta boundary, and that seat belts be mandatory in all vehicles of the school-bus type. If some found it disappointing that the provincial attorney-general's office had no more to add to the proceedings than a statement that no criminal charges would be laid, they could still feel that Swift Current had done what was called for. A letter arrived from Bishop Raker of the Roman Catholic diocese of Newfoundland, in Gander, expressing gratitude to the people of the city that the most sweeping three-metre-one-two-wide-way with an unexpected width from a saving of 21 Newfoundland streets and dancers on a Heritage tour of the western province, who insisted that Swift Current be added to their already tight schedule. On a week-end afternoon, the town closed off Central Avenue for a reconstruction 60 minutes of Newfoundland entertainment. Another crowd of 500 saw the repeat show outside the blockade building the same evening, and at its end the crowd was warmly introduced as Brother Burton, declare movingly, "Our young men died in the arms of warm and concerned people."

Bob Jamieson

Manitoba Happiness is a hot gun

When 39-year-old Robert Taft, a retired Winnipeg police chief, moved to Victoria last year he decided to leave behind two revolvers—a Webley .38 and a Remington-Union .38. "To me, weapons are dangerous things and I never have liked having them around," he says. "I turned them in and promptly forgot them." Taft might logically have expected his friends to end up in the Victorian police Museum. But Milne, where hundreds of similar weapons handed in by owners or their widows are rendered forever harmless. The two guns did make it as far as a police gun storage vault at Harcourt Avenue in Victoria, but they ended up in their climatic fate last week.

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In late June, it was discovered that Taft's gun had disappeared from the



Tart (left) and guns turned in during amnesty (above) to pick up and destroy

dit of the weapons is still underway. "All I can say is that the local media are making a mountain out of a molehill," he said. "At the moment our investigation focuses on two people."

It is known that draft cheques were prepared against two policemen in early July but Crown Attorney Myshkowsky ordered a freeze on legal proceedings until the investigation is complete, and the pair were assigned to other duties. Meanwhile, police have raided the premises of two gun dealers and checked several others. Those questioned are understood to have included a civil servant and an actor. But Lew Marjones, founder of the Association of Automatic Firearms Collectors and Shooters, says the number and fate of the seizing weapons may never be

known. "There you can trace the registrations and serial numbers of associated fire-arms with a computer, but that only covers revolvers and automatic rifles. What about all the non-registered weapons that could be missing? It would make more sense if the police ran ads in the local papers asking everyone who's handed in a gun since the 1978 amnesty to come forward and give details. The present method makes no sense."

And though the case of the missing weapons may cast a shadow on the Winnipeg police force, according to one source familiar with the investigation this should not prove a great surprise. "People are always plotting the police to ask them to pick up and destroy unwanted weapons. If the policeman is a private collector, he'll sometimes offer to buy the weapon, then register it in his name. It may seem unethical, but it's gone on for years."

Peter Caetley-Gordon

Ottawa

The North and South of it

The recent course of Canada's foreign aid program gives grounds to believe, with the Hon. Wynne Lewis, that this country is indeed a "sanctimonious infelix," sharply about

against the outside world. Since 1977, the yearly aid bill has been stuck at just over \$1 billion—its value eroded daily by inflation. A decade ago Lester Pearson's World Bank Commission implored donor governments to allot 7 per cent of their gross national product to aid, since 1978 Canada has slid back to 0.6 per cent from 5 per cent. Meanwhile, more than 20 million children under the age of 5 die in poor countries every year. But, suddenly this summer, the whole array of relations between the rich North and the underdeveloped South is getting priority attention from politicians and bureaucrats in Ottawa.

While aid officials last week prepared to answer calls for relief to the 200,000 battle-hardened Caribbean (see page 28), envoys at External Affairs were constrained by the prospect of the Aug. 25 opening of a special United Nations session on North-South issues. The most conservative debate is years, it is to lay down an international development strategy for the 1980s and launch the global negotiations on North-South questions due to start in January and scheduled to last several months. At stake is whether rich and poor countries—with the all-important oil exporters—can finally set on enough mutual interests to protect the

world from the chaos everyone fears.

Working on his 17th speech while on vacation, External Affairs Minister Mark MacGuigan could contemplate three fresh reports challenging the government's own development policies. There was the frustrating study by Harvard economist Glenn Jenkins, published by the Ottawa-based North-South Institute, showing that Canadian quotas imposed against cheap clothing imports cost Canadian consumers \$400 within last year. Jenkins figures that every low-income family in Canada, sending to prefer cheap clothes from abroad, pays an extra \$86 a year for clothing because of the quotas limiting imports. True, as estimated, 6,816 Canadian jobs are protected—but at a yearly cost of \$32,569 each. The overall it would be cheaper for Canadians and better for poor-country suppliers to refrain. Canadian textile workers for other jobs, as other countries have done.

Then there was the order from Finance Minister A. MacEachern to the Tariff Board, to consider letting imports from selected underdeveloped countries into Canada duty free and extending existing special low tariffs to more goods sold by these nations. At the same time, however, MacEachern will bring in a new bill making it easier



Ethiopians brought victims fear of chaos

for Canadian industry to trigger protective action against low-cost imports. Finally, there was the interim report

Everybody frown and say 'cheese'

"Eugene Whelan thinks I'm stupid," says Whelan Ahmed. "But then he goes, 'Whelan thinks anyone who disagrees with him is stupid.' By the end of last week Liberal back-bencher Ahmed had more than a few Old colleagues wondering. The former minister of Consumer and Corporate Affairs who was hastily excluded from the Liberal cabinet March 3, turned on his own party and assumed the role of public intellectual, pushing anti-trade-bill handouts in the process. In a two-page letter to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, the son from Notre-Dame-de-Grâce, decried the high prices of British-made goods and clothing. Unfortunately many of these higher prices have been caused by dried government policies. One wonders whether the consumer point of view is being given enough attention when the cabinet and officials are making their decisions. Ahmed claimed to be flabbergasted at the missing publicity made though his office had released copies of



Ahmed, performing for the TV cameras

the letter and he had performed for television cameras that filmed his frowns as he fought his weekly groceries. After 15 years in politics Ahmed knew full well he would stir up a lot. He admitted to MacEachern that he hadn't even tried to

contact the greatest master of Consumer and Corporate Affairs, Andre Corbett, to express his "boiling concern." I thought they were all on vacation. He missed, accordingly. Anyway I put calls into ministers at the time and they said I phone back. I didn't write even to get an answer to a written question."

Only eight seats to Trudeau's left Ahmed is most to nowhere in the Ottawa power structure these days. An open supporter of Donald MacDonald's brief candidacy for party leadership last year, Ahmed has accepted that he is out of the cabinet, but he can't imagine a return one day when Mr. T goes. He sighs. Oh God, I don't know why I was dropped. And candidly adds, "I can't read the minds of the men who make those decisions." The client group around Trudeau, headed by Allen MacEachern, worked a higher-profile Quebec angle in the cabinet and Westmont's Donald Johnston isn't the kind of man to criticize his leader publicly. That leaves the young Ahmed back in the 17th-century with a did in salary from a mere \$354,700 to a simple one's \$44,100—which, after all, does make those groceries a bit harder to come by. Anne Beltrac

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Earning the truth "at 17" put singer/songwriter **Jane** in the spotlight. The child prodigy, who became famous at 15 with her song about an international romance in *Midnight Cowboy* (1969), is now committed to her music and her marriage to Portuguese writer **Yves Sangué**. "No kids yet, but cross your fingers and knock on wood," she says. In North America after a successful Australian tour where she "steals" on the streets overnight to be first in line for tickets, "I'm in a long



Yes, society's child gets a good lawyer

way from the confound, emboldened has-been-at-30 of a few years ago. What would she tell a 15-year-old who had a hit record? "Get a good lawyer and a good accountant."

A brilliant mix of "violet the power" song he is order at the Bowden Institution where the prisoners' monthly newspaper, *Prisoners*, has an entrance on its hands. The editor, **Harold Warner**, 30, was supposed to attend the medium-security penitentiary for five years. He was reported missing last week, just after he went to work as the newspaper. In an editorial last month Johnson had seemed quite contented. "I know this isn't the best place to be," he wrote for his fellow inmates, "but it's all we've got right now and it's a hell of a lot better than some of the other places I've been."

"I think a lot of people don't know what *com-agers* really are," explains **Chris Van Buren**, 18, who joins the cast of the Vancouver-oriented show *Joe* as an attempt to show a slice of what it's like to be an urban adolescent in Canada today. *Joe* was developed by B.C. stage director **Campbell Scott** in 1979's International Year of the Child and it is now enjoying a re-



'Joe': finding out what teenagers are

Canada revival. The compendium of growing up was edited from more than 300 interviews with teens and distilled into 16 characters for eight actors, all recruited from local high schools. Though young audiences can readily identify with the jocks, braves, boys, bookies and street-wise punk who inhabit the place, Scott also finds that generations over 30 can get the message. "A lot of social workers enjoy the show because it gives them a chance to rethink why they're doing what they're doing," he says. "They tend to become joyful working with kids day in and day out."

At 32, **Billy Martin**, the cantankerous manager of the *Oakland A's*, is still bounding out of dispute with his wine-popping and booze-fueled in defense of baseball that don't go the way he thinks they should and empires who don't use their true power. But last month Martin displayed uncharacteristic restraint when former boss and owner of the New York Yankees, **George Steinbrenner**, considered legal action over Martin's new book, *Number 1*. Reportedly among the contentious points in Martin's claim that Steinbrenner prevented him a tugboat—yes, a tugboat—is he helped the Yankees to the pennant in 1993. Steinbrenner says the tugboat question involved bigger stakes—the World Series, which Martin lost. A spokesman for the two "players" says the whole thing is a job. But Martin may be able to buy his own tugboat anyway, since a second printing of *1* is already scheduled.



Martin: getting a laughout the hard way

What does a tugboat have to do with a house that has 115 rooms? It seems that **Prince Charles** simply tried to attempt to maintain his country place in the county of Kent, so he gave it up last month. In its place the 41-year-old Prince has acquired a ram-budown 28th-century estate. Announcement of the purchase and the reported price tag of \$32 million immediately angered anti-royalist Labour-party or *Wills*, **Hamilton** of Scotland, who contends that with Britain in such severe economic difficulties money should not be spent on putting a roof over the Prince's head. Charles, however, appeared uncon-

by the squawking and spent the day after the purchase seeking former King **Charles** of Greece the delicate art of wind-surfing off the Isle of Wight.

After **Paul Robeson** would like to make one thing perfectly clear—in a not a current and is not comfortable wearing the color orange. There are some roles an actor has to really work at. There are others that you know you were tailor-made for," says Robeson. "Then the problem is not overworking." He claims to be ready-to-wear for his role in *Tobacco* in *Prisoners* in which he alternates between a daytime job as an accountant and nighttime indulgence as a stand-up comic specializing in vulgarities. "Ticket is a pseudo top-secret project. It's in Toronto with an almost all-Canadian cast including **Nick Mancuso**, **Kim Carroll** and **R. M. Thomas**. "I can't talk about the plot, we've all been warned not to say a word," says Rob-

son through tightened lips. In fact, the story has something to do with a cult-like 1st-century and the producers would prefer to avoid being hounded halfway to the moon.

Barry National Park guides **Russell Schaeffer** and **David Galt** of the Association of Canadian Mountain Guides brainstormed an idea for a 10th anniversary celebration. The two would lead **Peter Leighton**, 32, up the flanks of 14,160-foot-high Mount Leighton, named for the province's grandfather. Leighton, who prides himself on keeping in fighting trim, has agreed to make the climb as Aug. 17. But after a few inquiries from friends about how dangerous the project might be, he decided to turn up sides to sweat out the territory. They never got beyond the base thanks to bad weather, so the premier is on his own in his first alpine expedition. His guides are confident they'll be adding it to their little rose work to make them interesting. But then, Galt's idea of a real challenge is his planned Mount Everest expedition in 1992.

When **Sam Sefton** was growing up in Delta, B.C. (population 177), near Kirkland Lake, the biggest thing that happened was bears. "In the spring, the bears came close to town to eat blueberries. Sometimes someone would shoot one and we kids would all go home on the thing and have our parents take us to," explains Sefton. Sefton discovered that such reminiscences made public in New York, where

she now lives, garnish hosts of "press." Currently, the red-headed graduate of the University of British Columbia in Mill-Burn is back in Canada to take a starring role in *Boys*, a suspense-thriller movie involving murder by telephone. But first, 25 plays a weekly, high-tech serial-killer role in *Deadly Games* on the company when she meets an activist-turned professor played by **Michael Chiklis**. Though murder and mayhem form the plot, Sefton is looking forward to the romantic-interest side of her role. "I'll get all the laughs. I grew up on *Dr. Kildare*."

In a society that's becoming increasingly *mentally* reached, this type of personality is very precious," intones Vancouver playwright and screenwriter **Ken Kesel**. The 37-year-old is referring to it B.C.'s pioneering newspaper woman **M. "Far" Danforth**, 50, whom Kesel plans to emigrate in a new play *Mid* A Celebration of *Ms. Danforth*. The play is being written according to the adventures told by Danforth's daughter, **Georgia Murray Kaddell**, in her book *The Newspapering Danforth*. It will be a chronological look at the woman, whiskey-drinking co-publisher of *The British Arrow*, Labourer and her long-suffering husband, **George Kaddell**. Kesel is happy to co-operate with Kesel, but she has some reservations about a planned CBC sitcom titled *Bruder and Lapland* which is loosely based on her mother's life. However, the *Feisty* old-time publisher is named *Ms. Danforth* and she has a B.C. paper with her nephew **Elmo T. Bass**, who is given to malapropisms, buzz words and old army experiences. "Nobody's come over me and said anything about it," frets Kesel. Murray, in the meantime, is in the long-term care unit of *Lifeline's* hospital where, Kaddell says, "they treat her like the Queen of the May."

Though the official word from **Queen's** Buckingham Hospital, 30 km east of Ottawa, is that the whole thing is a temper in a tugboat, *sears* adds any problem is across. The sides want permission to refuse to handle the spiritual of patients of the opposite sex because the few who become sexually aroused tend to become *rehabilitation*. So many hospitals, in fact, that the police have been called to assist in quelling disturbances four of the times this year. Buckingham Police Chief **Chuck Scott** says the calm, quietly come at night and often involve *incoherence*. "They see the police and then they calm down," he explains. Now it seems even the police would prefer to avoid handling the delicate problem. "They have security guards," says Scott. "Why can't they handle it?"

Edited by **Marsha Boulton**

Robeson (above) and Sefton (right) are former Star-bouncers and top-guns by playing with auctor



Jimmy and Teddy on Broadway



By Michael Posner

The Democratic convention is over. It was held last week in the East Room of the White House, and it required only a single hour of prime-time television. There were no floor demonstrations, spontaneous or rehearsed, there was no parade of boring politicians palming their favorite bromides, nor any silly spectacle of media analysts interviewing themselves. There was a single speech, several questions from the press, no more. Jimmy Carter left smiling. He had just won what some political observers had deemed in serious doubt: re-nomination for the presidency.

That, at least, is one viewpoint, those who share it see this week's gathering of Democrats in New York as a simple act of ratification. There will be a floor fight over rules (specifically over whether delegates elected to vote for one candidate are bound to do so) and there is certain to be a debate over various planks in the party platform. But the central question has been answered, it will be Carter vs. Reagan in the fall, whatever the dim trifling of the polls.

The president's Monday news conference, in tandem with his 18,000-word statement to the special Senate subcommittee investigating the Billy Carter affair, was designed to seize the initiative. The press had grown overly cynical about his brother's bizarre relationship with Libya. His own concen-

tion delegates and a number of Democratic governors were warring, torn between loyalty to the Carter cause and grave fears about his electability. And the White House's inept handling of the matter had given millions of Americans yet another reason to doubt Jimmy Carter's judgment, the vice has not of presidential character.

It was, from start to finish, an impressive performance. Denying both ill-health and impropriety on behalf of the entire White House staff, Carter insisted that brother Billy was an independent agent, whom he loved but could not keep locked in a closet. If it had been poor judgment to see Billy as a diplomatic lever, then Carter was prepared to stand guilty, his sole intent had been to free the American hostages in Iran. He did not approve of Billy's Libyan connection; he did not know Billy had received \$250,000 in Libyan loans until after his brother registered as a foreign agent; Billy Carter has no influence on American policy toward Libya.

"This massive defense of Carter's integrity had far-reaching effects. Almost immediately the Senate subcommittee eased up. 'A lot of smoke,' said Republican Senator Robert Dole, one who had lashed vigorously for the investigation. 'The net here there was a fiasco.' One measure of the subcommittee's deflated status was its failure to hire a chief counsel. Former Watergate prosecutor James Neal listened to overtures, then turned the job down,

Carter at news conference (far left); Senator Henry Jackson and Kennedy (above), convention logo (boxed in inset)



Madison Square Garden: rebels defused

plunging a heavy case load. More likely, Neal sensed there was nothing substantial to investigate.

Carter's forthright performance also delivered a sharp and perhaps fatal setback to the fortunes of Edward Kennedy. With 300th delegates for all the members, the Massachusetts Senator continued to predict that he would win the Democratic nomination. His sole hope of doing so, however, rested on defeating proposed rule P1000, the so-called loyalty rule, which binds delegates to casting their ballots for candidates they were elected, or pledged, to represent. Carter strategists needed some softening of support, but felt the president's news conference had prevented most defections. Carter campaign chief Robert Strauss urged briefly with the notion of releasing the delegates from their voting obligations after P1000 had been adopted—a balm for the open-convention forces—but that option has now been rejected.

In any case, nothing said this week is likely to sway enough delegates to defeat Jimmy Carter. Even those Democrats who feel Carter cannot win in November and should be replaced by a compromise candidate do not want Edward Kennedy. And yet he gave on—overturning his determination to win, dissuading potential running mates, plotting convention strategy. His campaign is an enduring engine. Is this presen-



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"SIXTY SECONDS"

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**The Algonquin
Hotel, St. Andrews,
New Brunswick**

If you want to get a line on a Redfische Salmon, try a Rusty Rat in the streams near The Algonquin Hotel. Escape to the quiet charm of this magnificent seaside retreat and enjoy golfing, swimming, tennis or just soaking up the views of beautiful Prince-Edward Bay. It's open from May to September.

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For Chupacabito? A test of character against some private beach mark?

"A commitment to the traditional values of the Democratic party." There are those close to Natalya who wonder if even he knows the real answer.

Having defused Bilgitsky (temporarily at least) and stifled rebellion within party ranks, Jimmy Carter finally got around last week to doing what he should have been doing all along: campaigning. He trickled up to New York to address the Urban League and took the opportunity to throw a few curves at Ronald Reagan's tax proposals. He made a telephone call to a constellation of stockholders in Los Angeles and quickly won their endorsement. He dispatched Robert Strauss to attend the Democratic Governors' congress in Denver, the governors behaved



Carter-Mondale posters roll off the presses (left); iconic a president can use

like loyal officers on a striking ship, each refusing to point a finger at the captain.

And 1,400 Carter friends and loyalists gave him a Georgia-style barbecue on the south White House lawn, complete with 800 pounds of pork and a man named Doc Watson playing bluegrass music. It was the sort of home-a-president-could-wish-for-one, especially when barely one 60th of Americans approve of the way he's doing the job. "I don't like to lose elections," Carter told his friends. "I don't intend to lose this one."

Could he. This week in New York, before 35,000 delegates, alumniates, wives, observers and the thrifty hostesses of the fourth estate, Jimmy Carter gets a chance to prove it. ☐

Crime on four wheels

It was an expensive ride. The couple who spoke, Sergio Cordero, wanted to go from New York to Miami for a holiday over to Brooklyn, a 512-mile run by cab. At the Triboro Bridge the cabby switched the dollar bill the man held out for the toll, but he also took \$60 from the man's other hand, which the costumed passenger had been holding to pay for the ride. After taking the very long way around the cabby asked for double the \$30 meter reading, then demanded a \$21 tip. Total cost, from midtown Manhattan to Brooklyn: \$132. It costs less to fly to California. And the cabby, taking passengers' anger with U.S. currency, took \$60 for a \$22.50 ride. One woman was charged on legal bills and, to add insult to injury, the driver grabbed her by the buttocks as she left the cab.

The catch in these Bronx cabs, said 26 others reported last week, was that the valiant passengers were all and recover agents from the Tax and Limousine Commission, the department of investigation and the police department. Of the 51 New York City taxis pulled during last week's "cabboom," 31 had broken the law. The Tax and Limousine Commission's investigation was the first of its kind (agents posing as passengers) and couldn't have come at a more fortuitous time—a week

before the Democratic National Convention. Clearly a great number of the 25,000 delegates, journalists and government officials don't know New York like the backs of their hands and are not for a split.

It was a disservice and an insult, right out given on the fringe of the city, but given the odds (60 investigators and 25,000 tourists converged at Madison Square Garden) it is likely that a fair number of delegates, not to mention and perhaps because, will be taken for a ride.

This weekend on the streets of many it why the Tax and Limousine Commission hasn't cracked down on cabs over the way they drive. "We simply didn't have the personnel," says Jay Turf, the commission's chairman. "That's why last week we had to go to the investigation and police departments. We hadn't done anything on this major scale before and if we were good

New York City taxi: grabbed buttocks



Chicago

Uncle Sam plays Big Brother

When do politics take precedence over parents? That was one of the disturbing questions raised in a Chicago report last week in the custody case of 13-year-old Walter Polachuk, a Ukrainian youth who says he would rather "never again see my parents" than return with them to the Soviet Union. Walter and his 17-year-old sister, Natalya, ran away from home July 14 because their parents were planning to return to the Ukraine. Along with another son, Michael, Jr., 6, the family had migrated from the Soviet Union last year and arrived in Chicago in January. In July, parents Michael and Anna Polachuk decided to return. They agreed to let Natalya remain behind with relatives in America, but they insisted that Walter was too young to decide his own future and should return with them.

On July 21, the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) granted asylum to Walter. Said the boy's mother after the INS ruling: "You mean

asylum for our own boys. The commission now looks, however, that aspects of this kind will have to continue." He would not say how many would be employed on the new regular force.

Turf says there are some 40 (50) consulars made up to the commission including 10,000 from consuls. About 50 per cent of those get to hearings. A lot of people don't take the time to testify that of those that do reach hearings, not that many result in suspension or license revocations. Our feeling average is pretty low.

Last week's findings show the other way's average to the pretty high. But there are enough always exceptions. Cuban Robert Aguilar stopped two teenagers from being deported. An export inspector took them to their hotel and from \$50 and helped them catch a cab, that's the next day. That's a rarity—about as unusual as finding a cab in New York when it's pouring rain.

LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

a government is telling a mother what to do with her son?" Thus, last Monday, juvenile court Judge Joseph C. Mooney continued the temporary custody by the State of Illinois over Walter by allowing the youth to live with relatives, Mark and Deirdre Gasser. But Judge Mooney, apparently disapproving of the earlier decision, also indicated he hopes eventually to reconcile the family and return the boy to his parents.

For this reason, the judge ordered Walter removed from the Gasser home three days later and placed in a more "neutral" environment after press reports quoted Deirdre Gasser as saying: "I would do my best to encourage him to stay." Gasser maintains he was kidnapped. Explaining his actions, Judge Mooney declared "I don't want to tear this family apart." Though recognizing the volatile nature of the case, the judge insists his first concern is with the welfare of the child, "not the political implications."

These implications have attracted worldwide attention. Young Walter has become a cause célèbre in Chicago's large Soviet-ethnic community, where the boy is seen as the symbol in the struggle of "freedom vs. Communism." In fact, people from all over the country have called to offer the boy a home. As he himself explains it, however, matters of ideology are less of a factor in his

charge. That Walter was "kidnapped" from his parents. Shortly after the supper ritual, the Soviet embassy in Washington delivered a formal protest note to the U.S. state department and threatened unspecified but "grave" consequences for the already deteriorating relations between the two superpowers if the boy is not returned.

This is not the first time that children have found themselves in the middle of a tug-of-war between Moscow and Washington. In the cold war days of 1957, four boys in the Gerasimov family were separated by a court from their parents, who returned to the Soviet Union without them. Eventually, however, the children were returned to their parents' custody. Some observers fear that Walter will suffer, whatever the outcome of the September 9 hearing. If he is allowed to remain in the U.S., his family will be broken. While if he returns to the Ukraine his fight for American rights may earn him a black mark from the Soviet authorities. But the most pertinent concern seemed to come from David Mandel, an attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union, who represents Walter's parents. "If it was any other country but the Soviet Union involved here we wouldn't even be talking about it. The kid would be with his parents today as a cute black babe."

David Kline



Poliovirus (bottom right), and ascribed to civilisly having more food and a bicycle.

desire to remain in the U.S. than simple economicism. He told Judge Mooney that he wanted to live in the United States because "there is more food here and I can have a bicycle."

Indeed it appears that Walter is not so much a symbol as a demand for peace in Soviet-American relations. For Washington, Walter's case, like that of other defectors, makes for good propaganda about the evils of Soviet society. For Moscow's part, the Soviet press

World

Tragedy in the winds

By James Fleming

They relied on it as the open Atlantic, dark brooding harbinger of chaos, setting the pulse of Caribbean islanders racing. They knew from long experience what followed: the storm clouds closing in upon them; their ancestors gave the world a name for it—hurricane. But no one could predict the intensity of this one, Allen, whose 380-kn-per-hour winds cut a swath across the Caribbean last week, leaving more than 90 dead and millions of dollars worth of destruction before turning toward the U.S. mainland.

The second most powerful Atlantic storm is recorded history—crystallized only by the 1952 "Labor Day" storm which killed 400 persons in the Florida Keys. Allen followed a violent and capricious course, striking first the cluster of resort islands in the eastern Caribbean.

On Monday, the 11-kn-wind eye of the storm passed directly over St. Lucia. Demolishing homes, power lines and the major hospital, and leaving scores in the harbor aground. At least 16 people were left dead, 30,000 homeless and power, water and communications were cut off.

To the north, Martinique lost 96 per cent of its major cash crop, bananas, and 1,000 were left homeless. Barely recovered from the wrath of Hurricane David last year, the Dominican Republic also lost most of its banana crop.

Then, tearing across the open sea on Tuesday night, its winds gaining momentum and lashing waves to a height of 6 meters, Allen headed for Haiti where it was to do its worst damage. Beating down on the southern peninsula, Allen's impenetrable rain and fierce winds played havoc with the flimsy huts of the 300,000 poor peasants in the region. At least 50 people died and the nation's main coffee crop, said as official in Port-au-Prince, was "virtually destroyed." One particularly tragic episode was played out on the sea to the south where the Belvédère family, aboard the Canadian-registered boat *The Pearl of Haiti*, perished as bad-rain-appro-



ties lashed to their cries for help.

By Wednesday morning, Allen had reached the northern shore of Jamaica, whose inhabitants, miraculously, had had some warning. Nevertheless, as Allen consumed the weak tourist resorts around Montego Bay, at least a dozen people were swept into the sea, two of them—three-month- and one-year-old girls—pulled away from their beachfront homes. Nearly Port Maria was flooded by two meters of water, and elsewhere at least eight major hotels were flooded or extensively damaged. Only water communications and power cut off of sultry areas, but witnesses told of public works vehicles desperately making their way to the disaster zone over mounds of fallen foliage covering what were once roads. Fortunately Kingston, the capital, was spared the worst; by the 2,000-foot Blue Mountains which separate it from the northern coast.

Due to good planning by government and Red Cross officials, emergency operations moved into action quickly in Jamaica. Soon after daylight, crews from the electrical, water and telephone companies worked to clear debris from the thoroughfares and risk medical supplies to the victims. And for the earlier and more devastated victims of the hurricane, aid was also forthcoming—from Canada, France, Britain and Venezuela (Canada alone gave \$1.1 million \$65,000).

Squalls shot (above) and destruction in Jamaica

There had been hope that Allen would be somewhere in the more than 1,000 km of open sea between Jamaica and the U.S. mainland. Instead, away from the freedom of land sea mass, Allen's winds softened, rising 150 km to the north of its eye and 80 to the south. At 30 km an hour Allen lurched toward Texas, brunting on its way Mexico's Yucatan Peninsula. By week's end, the Corpus Christi area had been hit by Allen's scurrying winds, the hurricanes

Protest to Bolivia What price truth?

Bolivia's ruling elite announced last week the arrest of Henry Pineda Spachero, a 29-year-old journalist who has been reporting for *El Mercurio* on last month's controversy of the widely condemned government. He is to be tried for allegedly defaming the new leadership.

Mexican's has joined with radio stations being made by two of Miss Spachero's ex-employees—London's *Financial Times* and *Economist* in his speedy release. Since she is a national citizen, the U.S. state department has also been asked to convey appropriate concerns.

that formed in its path. More than 100 people had been evacuated from the 120-km coastal region, and stores did a running business in emergency supplies. Popular items were candles, instant meals and powdered milk, and some shop owners were not above gouging—Mexican batteries were going for \$6. As one weather official put it, Texans were "bracing for the worst. Allen's gone to the dance and is now deciding whether to kiss the bride goodbye."

Who else from Ken Maxwell in Jamaica, Joel Katschek in Mexico and William Lawther in Washington.

Soviet Union

Moscow plots its next moves

By Kath Charlies

No sooner had the Olympic flag been lowered in Lenin Stadium last week and the clamor of riotous youths cheering for Masha Boris and Nastya dolls in Moscow's shops muted, than the thoughts of Kremlin-watchers turned warily to the question: what course will the Soviet Union's supranational rulers chart with the Olympics now out of the way and diverted to an all-Soviet show?

The signs point to a general tightening up to rid the nation of any lingering traces of ideological contamination. One Moscow witness, probably not alone in his prediction, last week said of future events: "They'll be worse. You wait and see." Indeed, many Moscovites predict that an unparalleled security presence will be for the Games—up to 300,000 troops, armed forces and police—clothes, sent in on patrol around the clock—will not simply watch like now before on. The authorities, if's thought, have put in some solid practice and will keep at least some of the new regime in place.

Now are the prospects for food supplies any better? They were poor just before the Games, even in Moscow, the best-prepared city in the country, milk, potatoes, bananas and meat were scarce, due to the combined effects of poor weather and the U.S. grain boycott. And while the Kremlin made an all-out effort to feed the tourists and athletes by stacking up with meat from the Baltic states (the richest in the country), butter from Finland and fruit from Bulgaria, the situation is expected to slough back to "normal."

But the worst prospects are faced by the nation's dissidents, who believe the unprecedented crackdown since October, 1975—436 have been arrested,

PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDEWORLD; PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDEWORLD; PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDEWORLD



Tourists sample the cuisine in Moscow (left). Lilianna and Brezhnev (above), and security guards: worse times ahead



trust, jailed or exiled—will continue. Before the Gornes the KGB warned a founder-member of the Helsinki human rights group, Malva Lando, that she would be held responsible for any terrorism—the KGB's way of telling the dissidents to be low. What's more, Jewish emigration, already down to a trickle, will stay so until dissent improves. And U.S. diplomats fear the KGB will further tighten the screws on U.S. residents as a way of retaliating for the boycott of the Games. Already there has been a rash of slashed tires, heightened surveillance and harassment of diplomats.

Ahead, the Soviets must juggle several conflicting goals at the same time. On the one hand, the end of the Games is a valuable propaganda opportunity to show more troops (see *Alphaville*)—where the estimated 100,000 soldiers prepping up the regime of Prime Minister Nikolai Khrushchev seem incapable of stopping the incessant gunfire in attacks on bridges and roads. Indeed, Moscow is said to send three times the number of troops to finish the job—the widely publicized partial withdrawal last June was merely a propaganda exercise timed to divide the U.S. from its allies and to disrupt the boycott of the Games.

But, on the other hand, the "thymic window" for deploying more troops is short, since preparations begin in September for a major conference on European security and co-operation in

Madrid. Aware that it faces condemnation there for its squalid human rights record and its escape into *Alphaville*, Moscow has already tried to gain attention to security matters in Europe by proposing a European disarmament

conference for the near future. In the meantime, it will keep hammering at its recent "goodwill" initiatives including its agreement to talk about the limitation of medium-range missiles in Europe without the prior cancellation of NATO's decision to install SS-20 Pershing and Cruise missiles, and its new formula for troop withdrawals in Central Europe. Neither of those initiatives will go far, however, before the West German and U.S. elections this year determine who Moscow will be facing across the table.

The same caution applies to the Middle East, where Moscow is wooing Saudi Arabia—the nation known for years as the "Kingdom of Darkness" in the Soviet press. Last year that line changed as Moscow tried to capitalize on Riyadh's unhappiness with the Camp David talks. But then came the invasion of Muslim Afghanistan and with it Saudi condemnation, which in turn was answered by Soviet accusations that the Saudis were among the Afghan rebels. Now, after a dormant pause, Moscow is back to wooing. But even if that door shuts, the one to Syria appears to be opening. President Hafez is said to be leaning toward the strong Soviet shoulder lately as opposition to his government mounts at home.

Whatever the post-Games outlook, one thing is certain: Moscow will remain wary of any move that would bring a direct confrontation with Washington. That way it just might be able to have its cake (détente) and eat it (Alphaville) too. ☐

work. Westminster was left pouring out resources to redraw the boundaries of British citizenship which would have had Parliament tugging too weakly in amazement.

Based on an episode during the Conservative manifesto, on which Margaret Thatcher won power last year, the White Paper linked by Home Secretary William Whitelaw seems to open out some of the scenarios left by the British Nationality Act of 1948: the world and the Commonwealth seems moved in considerably since then. The government hopes to legislate on the proposals by next summer. The basic change would replace the present citizenship categories of the United Kingdom and colonies by three new ones: British citizens, citizens of British-dependent territories and British overseas citizens. The first would include all present citizens of the U.K. and colonies with close personal connections with Britain such as being born, naturalized, adopted or settled for some time in the island.

Commonwealth citizens—Commonwealthers—who have lived in Britain since 1973 are currently entitled to citizenship and would automatically remain entitled to it for two years after the new proposals become law, but would then be required to register. Citizens of British-dependent territories would finally comprise the three million people living in Hong Kong while British overseas citizenship would apply to residents of former British colonies, particularly Malaysia and East

Israel Telling tales in Tel Aviv

Even as Egyptian President Anwar Sadat and Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin traded last notes last week over the Israeli government's accusation of Arab Kibbutzim, Begin's tenure held on office was rocked by charges of government wrongdoing. It was alleged that the chief of Israel's security service, the Shin Bet, had resigned after Begin had tried to block the investigation of the Jewish extremists suspected of planting the bombs that maimed three West Bank rangers last June (see *Madison*, June 30).

The story broke in *The Washington Star*, in which correspondent David Heston reported that security sources maintained the bombings were carried out by six members of the Gush Siman settlement movement. Nevertheless, he claimed, Begin had refused to let the Shin Bet arrest the Gush Siman leadership, tag their telephones, tag their conversations, or infiltrate their settlements. As well, despite the fears of the security chief (who resigned anonymously under Israeli law) that there might be mass attacks during the summer, Begin had tried not to worry. As a result, Heston claimed, the chief had "put in protest over what he believed to be a deliberate ob-



Golda Meir and Begin: scandal at home

servation of the investigation." In an unprecedented radio interview, the still-unsettled security boss said that Begin had "never interfered in requests." Any report to the contrary was "in line with no basis." He confirmed that he was resigning, but insisted that this was because, after 20 years in intelligence work and six as head of the security service, he was ready for a break. Furthermore, he said, the investigation of the bombings was receiving "the highest priority" although it was very hard to find terrorists if they did not repeat their crime.

Already under intense international pressure for his stance on Jerusalem, Begin had suspended the Netanyahu talks as a result—Begin replied in a characteristically combative manner

"From the day malicious people first began spreading their lies, never was a victory so obvious as that dispatched to *The Washington Star*."

Opposition politicians, however, were not satisfied and immediately called for a parliamentary inquiry. Shmuel Tolkun, an MP of the centrist Shvina party, commented: "If this is true, it would be the greatest corruption of the Shin Bet in the history of the state." Tolkun warned Begin of the "dire consequences" of political interference and many Israelis were not convinced by the denials. As one newspaper editor put it, "Not one Israeli in 20 will take the prime minister's denial at face value."

Eric Silver

'Civis Britannicus sum'

Lord Palmerston, the pragmatic Whig foreign secretary inaugurated as the inventor of panopticon prisons and a real feel to blockade Athens when the Greek authorities were harassing a Dalmatian-born named Don Paskovitch. Palmerston's reasoning was simple: the man was a Brit in color and in a famous speech in 1825 he defended his policy by quoting the proud slogan of the Roman Empire, *Civis Romanus Sum* (I am a citizen of Rome).

British citizenship isn't quite the same these days, in the context withdrawn from empire with dispossessed ex-colonials such as the Ugandan Asians fleeing in incalculable numbers to Britain on the strength of their British passports, the grand ideal of *Civis Britannicus* was bound to go the way of history. Previous governments tinkered with immigration laws and introduced the notion of "patrialty"—close family connections—to help define what seemed so simple a century ago. Last



Whitelaw (left) and Lord Palmerston: dispossessed colonial heading to London

Also who chose to leave the British connection.

Whitelaw's officials admit that the changes would indeed drive anyone at present at risk of the right to stay, but they will

clarity what potential immigrants will no longer have automatic right of entry. The White Paper's biggest bluffs in committee, however, are likely to come not from integrated organizations wanting discrimination—very few have even gained the proposals so far—but from Tory backbenchers who immediately pointed out Whitelaw's statement that he planned no change in the right of birth citizens to vote in British elections.

A typical Britisher already doing his best to lead a non-controversial life, the privilege is a source of periodic controversy in Britain, along with the blindfold no-passport arrangement that permits free entry for citizens of the Irish Republic and demands for change have inevitably followed each new outbreak of Irish terrorist activity.

The White Paper estimates that only about two million of the present 5.5 million citizens of the U.K. and colonies (Britain alone has 52 million) will be to gain full British citizenship under the new system. This would come mainly from Hong Kong and Malaysia, but possibly one group due for socialization will come from Gibraltar. Don Paskovitch would not be Palmerston today. Carol Kennedy

The massacre that moved a nation

It was a moving night at the height of the annual summer holidays, when Italian cities normally resemble ghost towns, as more than 300,000 people poured into Bologna's Piazza Maggiore last week. The occasion, a state funeral for the 76 victims of a powerful bomb blast which demolished an entire wing of the city's railway station a few days earlier. By far the worst terrorist act in Italy's post-war history, the explosion had moved the entire nation to outrage. While tens of thousands of peaceful marchers across the country swelled through mid-30° C temperatures to demonstrate their sorrow and anger, shops and factories shut down and trains and airplanes slowed a symbolic one-hour work stoppage. And as mourners plied flower wreaths on the rubble-strewn scene of the blast, distraught relatives of the 188 injured, many of whom were crippled or blinded, kept anxious vigil.

The attack came when the station was packed with travelers and tourists. At 10:35 a.m. a deafening blast ripped through the waiting room, causing the roof to rise slowly and then collapse, crushing a Switzerland-bound train which was just pulling out of the station. A pulverized flame shot through the destroyed section, engulfing the crowded restaurant and nearby ticket offices and sending a mushroom-shaped cloud over the area. The entire left wing of the station was wrecked by the blast, which experts believe was caused by a 90-pound mixture of dynamite and chemical explosives. Said one witness, "It was the most horrifying night since the war."

Police launched a nationwide search of the houses and hangouts of far-right extremists. One lead came several hours after the blast, when an anonymous spokesman for the neo-fascist "Armed Revolutionary Squad" (MIA) claimed responsibility for the attack. Other groups from self-styled terrorist groups followed, but investigators considered the neo-fascists the most promising. So did most Italian Premier Francesco Cossiga, voiced the opinion of many when he told a special session of parliament that the Bologna bombing bore a "Fascist stamp." While left-wing terrorism in Italy usually singles out individual targets or its victims, he said, right-wing violence has "always gone in for massacres."

In fact, the attacks of Italy's far-right extremists have followed a pattern of indiscriminate violence. From 1969 to



The state funeral (top), Affligato (left), and blast scene at "heating shop" right



1975, neo-fascist groups claimed responsibility for at least three public bombings which killed 36 people and injured scores of others. Then, in 1977, MIA merged with a terrorist attack against Communist and Christian Democrat Party branches. Last year the band's actions took a more brutal turn when it planted a bomb in a Communist party branch in Rome, injuring 20 people in what could have been a massacre. Since then the group has claimed responsibility for four murders, including the June 20 assassination of a prominent judge. According to some theories, the Bologna bombing was meant as a retaliation for the indictments, just hours before, of eight neo-fascists for the 1974 bombing of a passenger train. One of

the MIA allies shouted "Honor to comrades Mario Turi," the ringleader of the eight who is already serving a life sentence for murdering two policemen.

At week's end the police arrested Mario Affligato, a 34-year-old neo-fascist fugitive long in Rome. But that didn't allay the fear of many Italians that the bomb attack signalled a new surge in right-wing terrorism, just as police appear to have surmised that of the far left.

While it is still too soon to know if the war can be turned for the Bologna disaster, one thing is painfully clear: the country's plague of violence continues, and the hot summer is likely to be followed by an equally hot autumn.

Theodore Lurie

Two roads winding home

By Hal Quinn

They arrived at the sequestered greenery of Toronto's St. George's Golf and Country Club from different perspectives, yet both greeted the same pressures. So did Post, 32, native of Oakville, Ont., arrived in the honeyed glaze from a nationally televised 193-meter chip shot that had given her \$15,000 (U.S.) and the Whelton West Virginia amateur Professional Golf Association Classic title the previous Sunday. Last year's runner-up on the money list with \$178,768.88 and named Canada's female athlete of the year, Post was having a sub-Post year having won a mere \$73,040 in 13 tournaments. For Cathy Shark, 30, of Port Colborne, Ont., the arrival back "home" came fresh after winning \$400,325 in Wheeling. The former Canadian and U.S. Amateur champion, now in her second year on the tour, has won \$4,785 in 13 tournaments, is ranked 76th on the money list, but is not complaining.

As the final major event as the LPGA tour warmed up, Post said that the \$150,000 Peter Jackson Classic was "just another tournament," feeling no one in her attempt to deflect the mounting pressure. Shark, on the other hand, admitted after the second round that, "I was so keyed up for this one that I had butterflies on Friday. You're not supposed to be nervous until Thursday." Just as their approaches differed, so did their responses. As Pat Bradley of Massachusetts belted to the lead on the opening day with a 61, Post shot a 71 and said, "I'm out of it." Amy Shoop, golfer who had glimpsed St. George's would celebrate a 71 for months. Shark carded a lower par 70 but said, "I hit the ball so well I'm looking forward to tomorrow."

At the par three 18th hole, Ellen Frieskrum, Post's coach, grasped "What's she doing? What a terrible tree shot." Post scrambled for a par, but Frieskrum added, "She hasn't played well all year. She took a couple of weeks off in the spring and never got her game back together. She had to realize that she couldn't just go out there and compete every green. It's tougher out there now."

For Post, the rewards of professional golf have been constant and rich these past 13 years. A remarkable player, she joyfully acknowledges when a chip shot doesn't go in. For Shark, the tour is still new, an adventure shared with husband

Ric and, at St. George's, with son Christopher, 5. "I took 12 weeks off this year because I wanted to be home, and was needed at home," she said as she rubbed Christopher's head by the 18th green. "But I averaged about \$500 a tournament last year and I'm at about \$550 this year, so I'm doing all right." For Post, it was painful as Jackson Carter and Jane Blockhead Bradley. As of year's end, both on the money list and with a home to be sold in Florida, Post perhaps thought of her summer leave at Cape Cod, and some time off. For Shark it was wide-grinned exclamation.

"I'm going to play all the rest of the last months. I can't wait to play tomorrow, and after this see my average winnings will be way up."

And they left with different perspectives. For Post, anything short of winning a better disappointment, but time with friends awaited. For Shark, time close to home was essential, bought by four birdies on the first nine. And both left with the next morning's greenery looking bright. ☐

LPGA golfer Post (left) and Cathy Shark attempt to deflect the pressures



The crash that's still being heard

It happened Aug. 3, 1976, in a fiery jet crash. The pilot died when his Cessna 441 Citation came to rest at an estimated 68 metres south of runway 19 at the Akron-Canton Airport in Ohio. Shock waves reverberated when the pilot was identified as Thurman Munson, catcher for the New York Yankees. The baseball world mourned the death of a 38-year-old athlete who had been 1973 American League Rookie of the Year, 1976 American League Most Valuable Player and who had a lifetime hitting average of .360 with 133 home runs. As the generally acknowledged best and one of the Yankees, he sat 373 in three World Series with 22 runs batted in in 36 games. A devoted husband to wife Diane and father to three children, he had taken up flying to be with them when not playing baseball.

Eight weeks, almost a year to the day of his death, the New York Yankees filed a \$45-million (U.S.) lawsuit charging negligence on the part of the Cessna Aircraft Company and Flight Safety International Inc. (Both companies refused to make any comments.) The action followed a \$40-million "wrongful death" suit filed by Munson's estate on behalf of his widow. The suits, particularly the one by the Yankees, could have far-reaching ramifications for the entire world of sport. According to Canadian sport lawyer Alan Eagleson and lawyer John McCarthy of Cleveland, Ohio, retained by the Yankees, the case is without precedent. At issue, in McCarthy's words, is the value of a "chattel" under contract. The amount of the Yankee suit is based on Munson's



The August, 1976, crash scene and Great Munson, victim of shuttle under contract.

estimated market value in major league baseball.

"There are a number of owners who would offer \$45 million for Munson," says McCarthy. "There might be two guys in the entire population of the U.S. that can catch in the major leagues and hit the way he did late in the season." The decision may have wide ramifications. "In essence, under contract, a player is like merchandise, a painting. What difference does it make?" McCarthy asks. The value of such "chattel," in McCarthy's terms, is underlined by Eagleson. "When I was negotiating with the Los Angeles Kings over the contract of Marcel Dionne, I pointed out to the owner that if his franchise were valued at, say, \$10 million and he signed Dionne for \$5 million, he could then sell his franchise for \$15 million."

The Yankees suit (McCarthy is retained by Yankees owner George Steinbrenner) was launched after the release of a U.S. National Aviation Board report. McCarthy expects both suits will be heard simultaneously in court. "The key will be whether or not the Cessna, Aircraft Co. and Flight Safety International Inc. adequately trained Munson



to fly this type of sophisticated jet aircraft," McCarthy says that is the heart of his knowledge. Munson had 300 flying hours over a nine-month period. A suit was not filed in the case of Lynna Bonook of the California Angels, shut in 1976. "That was a different matter entirely, but you can bet that if the guy that pulled the trigger had had \$10 million in his pocket, they would have gone after him," says McCarthy. It was Curt Flood of the St. Louis Cardinals who strained the doctrine that eventually broke, thus forcing baseball players from contractual bondage to their owners. Thurman Munson, early disdancer of the media, consummate competitor and family man may, in death, find new meaning to the word "chattel"—a word his former colleagues have worked long to escape. TQ

Assault and batteries

He was standing in right field at Three Rivers Stadium in Pittsburgh on July 20. Above him, draped over the battery, was a large six-inch batter with a solid rubber bat, no cushion. At its best five inches and 220 pounds. Dave Parker is not a small target, but the nine-foot battery sailed past his head. Parker walked off the field and soon demanded to be backed away from the batter of justice, said not even objects in his home zone.

After winning his second consecutive batting title and being named the National League Most Valuable Player in 1976, Parker demanded to be the highest-paid player in baseball. The club that demanded a variety of different contracts—Parker—the most common figure is \$5 million over an



Parker: batter of justice and objects

year—wants out. "Maybe they don't like me because of it, money I'm making," Parker said. "There have been five incidents in Pittsburgh when I could have been seriously hurt. I'm going to get hurt. I get not playing the game."

The "lunatic fringe" has always been a part of the sport from the palace at the Bronx Zoo to the benches of third catchers at the old Delco Gymnasium. Last week a Pennsylvania state legislator introduced a bill to end it. If passed the bill would mean that throwing objects and causing bodily harm at sporting events would be tantamount to assaulting a person—and would carry up to five years imprisonment. What is important is the delicate factor: says Joe Selby, spokesman for the Pirates. "We've accepted security but until you have our guard per you're not going to also all the fans. By this way we've had 78 people arrested in throwing that one battery."

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Dry days in the breadbasket



By Peter Canly-George

The thunderstorms that soaked the parched, drought-stricken Prairies last week came too late to save the main summer crops, already shrivelled beyond salvation by drought. The most rain could bring was a bright-sun outlook for livestock producers this year—but for other farmers not until 1983. Still, it was a welcome change to farmers like Ray Sigurdson, of Girdell, Man., who earlier this summer ploughed under 700 acres of poorly germinated rapeseed and flax, which in a normal year would have been worth \$200,000. "Things are still pretty terrible, but the rain is helping pastures and feed crops," said Sigurdson, who carries no crop insurance. He sold his dry

Farmer Timchenko (right) parched fields before rain shrivelled beyond salvation

herd in April, and has no regrets as he watches other dry farmers scramble to find feed. "We're all going to take a loss this year, I think."

The four-month-long drought, the worst since 1963, has cost an estimated 11 billion in lost sales this year to farmers in the Canadian Prairies. According to Mike Roussin, president of United Grain Growers Limited, which operates over 600 primary grain elevators in the West. "Crops will be average to excellent in Alberta, down 30 to 20 per cent in Saskatchewan and down 40 to 50 per cent in Manitoba." Most farmers will scrape by with the help of \$425 million in drought-relief and crop-insurance payments, but this assistance may only postpone the real pinch, with the real cash-flow problems beginning serious next March or April. "This could mean longer times ahead for the rural economy, where our dealers and farm equipment manufacturers have already experienced sales drops of more than 30 per cent," says Ray Mewer, a Mowat-Ferguson dealer in Resolute, Man. "The rain won't generate any cash this year, but it's improved the outlook for next. I'm hoping for a buoyant fall." Farmers have yet to



Map showing this summer's fresh-weather variables: a 34-million blow from heaven

see a silver lining in the recent rain clouds. According to Don Timchenko of Arburg, Man., who was busy sowing a half-sized grain crop: "We'll survive this year okay, but farmers will be in a hurry to spend money until they see what happens next year. We'll all have to be careful with money this winter, as I expect there'll be layoffs in the equipment industry."

Farmers won't be the only outcasts overseas. Canadian consumers, already hit by a recession and higher energy prices, will face another round of unrelenting food price increases in late fall and early winter, largely due to the drought in Canada and the United States, where the effects have been even more severe. Food price inflation, which ran below 10 per cent in the first six months of 1983, will jump to between 11 and 13 per cent for the year as a whole, according to a recent forecast by the Board of Governors of the Bank of Canada. Beef will be the chief offender, likely rising by as much as 20 per cent, while pork and poultry, which have been cheap and plentiful so far this year, will almost certainly move out of the bargain category. Although a current glut of beef in the market has depressed prices temporarily, the anticipated shortages, coupled with higher food costs, will begin to influence beef prices as early as the fall. Other countries of the drought will be milk and beer, as well as fruit and vegetables imported from the U.S.

Weather scientists will likely argue forever over the ultimate cause of the drought, but its immediate cause was a deviation in the normal path of the jet

stream (see map), the high mass of air that moves across the continent at about 325 km an hour. Instead of swooping below the U.S. border, the jet stream curved northward into central Canada, sitting above the Prairies for weeks. Its high-pressure ridge produced intense heat and rainfall 50 per cent below normal in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, while its low-pressure features created cool, damp weather in the west and west.

Although the drought may at last be on its way, the trouble it has caused is far from over. In the long term, Canada could face a \$4-billion blow from insects, as the impact of the drought ripples through the economy. So far, as serious shortages have developed. Wheat, for example, is in good supply, thanks to a bumper crop in the United States which was harvested before the drought. But the badly hit U.S. corn crop, coupled with less carry-over stocks of other grains, are cause for alarm. Says Charles Anderson of Pioneer Grain Company Ltd.: "The recent rains have certainly improved the outlook for 1981, but are little help this year. We're not crying blue skies yet, but if 1981 is a repeat performance, this year we're in serious trouble." ☐



Preston brothers, Albert (left) and Paul (right) are known for their privacy and tweedy sobriety

From private towers to public turf

For years the notoriety has accumulated. When word Toronto's fabbed Brinco brothers emerge from the veil of perfect secrecy, it is to describe those 22nd-floor offices in Toronto's First Canadian Place tower? These two brothers, Albert and Paul—56 and 48 respectively, Orthodox Jews who slipped out of Stalin-occupied Rumania to start a new life in Canada—were founded what is now believed to be the largest real estate development company in the world, Olympia & York Developments Ltd. of Toronto—avoid publicity so scrupulously that few people outside their family and close business associates even know they look like this. And no one, save the key buyers and accountants tending the complex affairs of their vast empire of land, buildings and construction materials—worth at least \$4 billion—known privately what their business empire is called. Indeed, some view their very reticence as a superb accomplishment in itself. Predicted Toronto real estate analyst Lared Grantham is a member of



months ago "Wait until they make their first big move into a public company. Then they'll come out into the open."

Last week the Brinco men made half of that move—a quantum leap that will take O&Y beyond the world of buildings and real estate into the realm of natural resources: uranium, asbestos, oil and gas. By announcing their intention to

buy the majority interest in Brinco Ltd., a natural resources company, stepped in legend, the Brinco brothers had suddenly linked themselves with a so-called public company—a corporation whose every move for many years, during its two decades of involvement with Labrador's controversial Churchill Falls hydroelectric development, was the object of the most rigorous public scrutiny. At week's end, the first details of the \$100-million Brinco share purchase were still being hammered out.

Few companies in Canada can boast as colorful a history as Brinco. Founded in 1950 by European and American investors, Brinco was enmeshed in one of Canada's most intense political controversies during the 1960s and '70s. In blow by blow, the Churchill Falls unfolded. Brinco has also seen numbers of leading Canadian business and government figures pass through its portals, including the late Robert Woodrow Wilson, a former prime minister, and Pierre Trudeau as federal Liberal leader in 1968, and William Mulholland, current president of the Bank of Montreal, both of whom served terms as a Brinco president. No less controversial is Brinco's founding partnership with chief shareholder, the Rio Vista-Sinc Corporation Ltd., a London-based international oil company whose worldwide sales last year exceeded \$4 billion, including the operations of Brinco and its sister Canadian resource company Rio Algonquin Mines Ltd.

Since the sale of its Churchill Falls assets to the province of Newfoundland in 1974 for \$160 million, Brinco has been regarded by many analysts as a company pioneering private equity financing in search of a new empire, hampered in its ability to grow by restrictions imposed by the Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA) arising from its 73-per-cent-British ownership.

"The spectacular success of the Olympia & York transaction, should it succeed," claims Ralph Soydan, appointed Brinco president two years ago and generally credited as the architect of the company's growing success, "is that it could be made by two companies at the same time." Brinco's total would become 73-per-cent Canadian-owned and then purchase Vancouver's Canstar Resources Ltd., an asbestos producer, currently in financial trouble, for \$50 million, says one Canadian source, British, American and Australian owners.

The move thus accomplishes several strokes, not the least of which is the blinding of O&Y's nature privacy with the timely revelation that has traditionally characterized their management. It may yet turn out to be a marriage made in heaven, but firmly grounded in the earth and the minerals lying beneath. Anthony Whittingham

A present from the piper

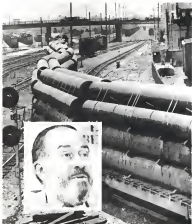
After a decade of hearings and briefs, promises and shattered hopes, Canadian Pacific trains are at last hauling pipe for the long delayed pre-building of the Alaska highway gas pipeline. Crews will be strapping, ditch digging, welding, coating and burying the pipeline starting next week near Cranbrook, in southern B.C. At its peak, the building of the first 183 km of the B.C. section will employ 300 people, all of them housed in local hotels and motels. And in the NO TACANET signs begin to go up. Western companies from valve manufacturers to oilfield drillers are beginning to gear up for the good times ahead.

The southern Alberta economy could receive a \$1.45-billion boost from the project, the pre-build alone means \$300 million in expenditures—"the best 70th anniversary present I can think of," according to Economic Development Minister Ed Olson, an Alberta minister. The agreement last May to purchase 82 billion worth of pipe will give \$6,500 million of employment for Regina, Edmonton, Hamilton, Wethers, Ont., and Carleton Place, Ont. The actual start of construction promised Olson to start the pipeline will bring southern Albertans \$15,000 million a year of work, 7,500 man-years for the pre-build. Altogether, Olson estimates \$12 billion in net revenue will go to Alberta producers and pipeline corporations.

Among suppliers, steelworkers are the biggest beneficiaries. The 25,000 tons of pipe needed that year will be supplied by the Steel Company of Canada Ltd. (Steelex) and Interprovincial Pipe and Steel Company (Ipesco), a welcome boost as the recession hits into regular business.

For others, the boom may be farther down the road. Investment analysts estimate that dozens of Cascadia companies will ultimately benefit by the new business generated, including pipeline suppliers, stringers, equipment suppliers and manufacturers, transportation companies and shifter manufacturers, as well as the obvious benefits to gas producers whose pipelines will be freed to supply 23 billion cubic feet of natural gas for export to the U.S. over the next seven years.

Stefanie Zwarg



Olson (right), pipe on way to Cranbrook: beginning to gear up for good times ahead

Don't call us we'll call you

It never was not his profession, but he needed the job needs that after dark on a Friday evening in November, 1978, Gerard Sens, a risk and hardware 31-year-old American with his own executive recruiting business, slipped into the Toronto office of the general manager of Shopfile, the catalogue showroom division of the Hudson's Bay Co. With his minicase he emerged loaded down with profit projections, store-by-store breakdowns, long-range plans—in short, almost every secret document the company had.

Forty minutes later Sens was on his way to Jack Shapp, chairman of Consumers Distributing Shopfile's major competitor asking "How fast can you meet this?"

Shapp: Oh, Jesus, you got something good?

Sens: Everything

Shapp: Everything, eh? (Sens:)

According to that tape played in a Toronto

court last week, when Sens pleaded guilty to a charge of theft, Shapp's recruitment faded fast when he found out the papers were not copied or borrowed, but stolen. Egged on by Sens—who told Shapp,

"You're my client, my friend, you need help"—Shapp lapsed reluctantly with the idea of going to look at the papers but then decided "I don't want to get involved at all." What neither man knew was that her conversation was being monitored by the police as part of an unrelated investigation that resulted two months later in the arrest of Shapp and two others on charges of conspiring to manipulate the market price of Consumers stock. Sens was charged shortly after.

There was so suggestion during the Sens trial that Shapp ever saw the papers or corroborated the theft though Sens's lawyer received \$45,000 in 1978 from Consumers for recruiting salesmen. Sens's lawyer, Eddie Greenbaum, called the theft a "breach of trust" of "integrated loyalty" to a client, but for Shapp, whose own preliminary take on stock listed charges requires this week after countless delays, it is not exactly the kind of help he needs.

Books

Genocide in East Timor and other matters

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF HUMAN RIGHTS

by Nicos Chomsky and Edward S. Herman
(Black Rose Books, \$15.95)

At the same time as the North American press was vigorously protesting the wave of killings in post-war Cambodia, the Indonesian army was quietly slaughtering about the same number of people in the tiny South Pacific nation of East Timor. By 1977, the Indonesian massacre in the former Portuguese colony reached proportions some observers consider to be genocide. Yet that year there were only five lines devoted to it in *The New York Times*.

The reluctance of the East Timor massacre to stir even the Western press is no accident, according to world-renowned linguistics scholar Nicos Chomsky. In this brilliant and devastating two-volume work, he and co-author Edward S. Herman, a professor of finance at the University of Pennsylvania, point to East Timor as just one example of how the Western press seeks to distract carefully. It also seeks to distract carefully—a contention of the authors borne out by the fact that this important book has been largely ignored since its publication last fall. Chomsky and Herman show that the mainstream Western press has consistently ignored or played down crises committed by countries within the U.S. sphere of influence—such as Indonesia—while focusing vast attention on crises committed in the Communist bloc or in nations that have deliberately left the American orbit. The authors in this way skirt the notion of Chinese-style repression, but they point out with some scorn that the trials of Soviet dissidents such as Anatoly Shcharansky received far more coverage than the last 30,000 cases of severe torture and murder by pro-U.S. Latin American dictators.

Backed up by massive documentation from newspapers, government, church and relief agency sources, Chomsky and Herman draw attention to little-publicized horrors committed by regimes in the U.S. sphere: the massacre of the Ache Indians in Paraguay; the disappearance or murder of 20,000 Guatemalans; Indonesian slaughter of more than one half million of its own citizens in the mid-60s. And finally and, they point out, has traditionally gone to re-



Chomsky: when or why the press stays quiet

gions that create a favorable investment climate for American business by suppressing dissent. Using a study of 12 U.S.-backed Third World nations, the authors show that there is a shocking correlation between American aid and human rights violations; that is, the more the regime violates human rights, the worse aid it gets.

The most original aspect of the book, however, is its detailed analysis of the way the press has dealt with these realities. Documenting case after case of press distortion or silence, Chomsky and Herman destroy any comfortable post-Watergate illusions about the press being tough and investigative—at least when it comes to American foreign policy. Examining press coverage of Cambodia after the 1975 victory of the Communist Khmer Rouge, Chomsky and Herman probe to the source of often-cited "facts," only to

find that they dissolve before their eyes. For instance, one frequently quoted reference revealing the personal designs of the Khmer Rouge is traced back to an American report of a Thai newspaper article citing a neutral unnamed individual in Paris who allegedly heard the information from an unnamed Cambodian official also living in Paris.

Obviously, the fate of *The Political Economy of Human Rights* has ended up illustrating much of what the authors have to say about the control of ideas in business. A small American publisher had agreed to publish an earlier version as a monograph but its parent firm, Warner Publishing, refused to allow the distribution of 30,000 already printed copies, complaining about its "expensive" contents. Three small publishing houses—one in London, one in Boston and Black Rose Books in Montreal—then purchased Chomsky and Herman to expand the draft into a longer work, which they did. Yet despite Chomsky's responsible credentials—*The New York Times Book Review* referred to him a year ago as "arguably the most important intellectual alive"—the book has yet to be reviewed in any major newspaper in the United States or Canada. Says Herman: "The truth seems irrelevant with our theory as a result of the handling of the book." In the conclusion, he and Chomsky seem to leave grounds for feeling vindicated.

Linda McQuaid

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1. *Jonathan Trope and New, Rickard* (1)
2. *The Road to Nowhere, Lash* (2)
3. *King of Angels, Shalman* (3)
4. *Roadside, Miller, Plot* (4)
5. *Rob, Wright* (5)
6. *Summer's Edge, Le Carré* (6)
7. *Shin at the Fair, Adams* (7)
8. *The Girl in a White, Moore* (8)
9. *The Sleeping Beauty, French* (9)
10. *Princess, Krentz* (10)

NONFICTION

1. *The World War, Butler* (1)
2. *How to Live Your Money and Profit from Inflation* (2)
3. *Unsettled, Shalman* (3)
4. *The Road War, Adams* (4)
5. *The Road to Nowhere, Lash* (5)
6. *Confessions, Amiel* (6)
7. *Will, Lash* (7)
8. *West of Eden, Greene* (8)
9. *Shalman's Survival, Shalman* (9)
10. *Shalman's Survival, Shalman* (10)
11. *Shalman's Survival, Shalman* (11)
12. *Shalman's Survival, Shalman* (12)
13. *Shalman's Survival, Shalman* (13)
14. *Shalman's Survival, Shalman* (14)
15. *Shalman's Survival, Shalman* (15)
16. *Shalman's Survival, Shalman* (16)
17. *Shalman's Survival, Shalman* (17)
18. *Shalman's Survival, Shalman* (18)
19. *Shalman's Survival, Shalman* (19)
20. *Shalman's Survival, Shalman* (20)

11 Fiction or non-fiction



By Bill MacVicar

Rather than skirmishes in the simulated electronic revolution, it all seems more like a return to the rough-and-tumble days of frontier justice. In the Northern Ontario lumber town of Lindsay, infuriated loggers fell from a barricade made of logs and a passing car. They're looking for a videotape machine—heart of a pirate station that was the town's only source of television—that has been seized by rangers of the federal department of conservation. In Brant, Ontario, fished tracks and even old airplanes carry dish antennas, paid for by out-of-pocket contributions, to isolated northern communities, enabling them to bring in, again illegally, such U.S. "separations" as *Arthur's* WRMS, which beams their powerful signals across the continent via satellite. The mayor of Geraldton, Ont., Michael Power, says he would deplore the entire town's population to thwart any attempt by federal authorities to seize his community's dish antenna.

The scattered incidents are a sign of the times, evidence of a widespread and powerful desire to plug into TV's technological revolution. They make dramatic headlines, but the principal theatre of battle lies elsewhere, in a series we have conducted according to the most hectic of 20th-century protocols. It's a battle for the time and money of the

THE FUTURE OF TV

television viewer. Capturing the viewer, to be sure, has never been the goal of programming; audiences are like rivers to be sold to advertisers. But in 1980, given unprecedented assemblages of technological innovations, revolutionary strategies are being plotted and carried out with little regard for the interests of these Queen's-bureaucratic-codified ratings cards.

The multiplicity of programs and services available—or about to be available—on TV screens puts traditional broadcasters against enormously expanded cable systems, satellite-beamed superstations, pay-TV suppliers, home computer systems and more. From the Canadian viewer's standpoint, it's more than just a battle among various industries for profits from a new electronic op. It also squares off public demand for programs and services against bureaucratic, outmoded philosophies of broadcasting administered by the federal communications department and the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC).

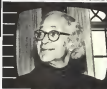
The burgeoning private television industry in the North shows that Canadians take their TV seriously and will fight to improve it. As the revolution takes hold, the Toronto-based CaeWest

Communications Corp. recently warned the CRTC/Canadian Broadcasters' Association will face new competition for air time. "Each supplier is going to have to

try much harder for time on your TV screen. This heightened competition is acknowledged by CTV's vice-president of engineering and operations, Joe Cohen, who he says: "The state of the art is changing so rapidly that you have to plan what you're going to do at least five years in advance, then hope to God you're right."

The new atmosphere of competition has even made allies of the old rivals CAC and CTV, who struck an alliance to try to keep interlopers away from the lucrative new territory of pay-television. Cable television giants and telecommunications networks are in a race to determine who will be first to introduce fibre-optic technology into Canadian homes, bringing with it the capability of offering 50, 100, perhaps an unlimited choice of channels.

Satellite-beamed signals from the southern U.S., though illegal, bring the only television to remote outposts of Canada where even the CAC has not penetrated. The gratification of home computers (there are 20,000 to 30,000 already operating in Canada) will increasingly commandeer the television screen for games-playing, personal use of print materials, or business and financial transactions.



lying rationale for scheduling breaks down. No longer was television the mass hypnotist that developed its own leery society (news hours during dawn on Tuesday nights when Milton Berle's *Texaco Star Theater* was aired, anxious hydraulic engineers adjusting to the precipitous drops in water pressure as thousands of toilets flushed simultaneously during football game intermissions).

First of all, there was the slow growth of small local stations and educational outlets, usually relegated to the 10PM program. At best they offered, on the one hand, antiquated reruns of prewar-time *Disney* or wartime morale-boosters from Britain or, on the other, wildlife documentaries and talking heads. They were not much, but they were alternatives. But nothing was deemed to change the antiseptic structure of television so much as the spread

Screen warriors jockey for time

Bill Cohen, Turner (left) and

Robert G. Allen (right)

Mount satellite choice of channels



of cable. With cable and a converter box, a Toronto home can receive 11 Canadian and five U.S. stations, plus cable-organized shows and services. The closest Canadian find is Vancouver, where a converter will bring in about half as many channels.

Now, with the development of fibre-optic technology, TV's range will be unhindered by geography; sets will be able to offer as many channels as satellites can beam their way. The first company to use the profits is to be made from satellite transmission was Time Inc.'s subsidiary, Home Box Office, one of half a dozen pay-TV services now functioning in the U.S. In 1975, it began to

At its headquarters in Hall, Que., the CRTC struggles valiantly to keep up with the systems and their implications for Canada, meanwhile hearing brief and counterbrief from the host of real claimants. Under its new chairman, Queen's University political science professor John Meeus, the CRTC has never been busier than in 1980. During most of the spring it heard voluminous submissions from broadcasters and cable operators on the subjects of satellite transmission, extension of service to the North and pay-TV. Though final recommendations have not been issued, Meeus has cautiously predicted that Canadian would have pay-TV "within five years."

With pressure from producers and viewers, that timetable would be shortened. Says Ted Rogers, head of Canada's largest cable company, Canadian Cablevisions Ltd., "Pay-TV is here—Satellitevision already has it. There's no question in my mind that pay-TV will be fully operational in Canada by late next year because of its overwhelming success in the States and the increasing demand on the part of Canadians."

Since its general introduction in the U.S. in the late 1960s (small-scale experiments began mainly in New York City in the 1960s but were abandoned in 1962), pay-TV has grown older much as the water of Dennis Day. It has become a little more desecrated, a little more controversial, but it stayed pretty much the same through the decades.

Until 1971. That is the year the bottom fell out. For the first time ever, the viewing public declined. It was a possibility that had never been imagined, and it was more than a fluke. In the U.S., television's onetime golden boy, Fred Silverman, now atop NBC's peacock throne, is giving up on the idea of having his network's slide toward being the Chrysler Corporation of the airwaves. The days of the complete hegemony of the networks—the three U.S. giants, the CAC and CTV—were over.

The common wisdom on this decline, voiced by strident critics numerous or unvoiced by the industry's over-riding nation, is that programming has deteriorated. But it hasn't, in fact, television's "worst" programming continues to draw the highest audience shares. There were other reasons, perhaps, but the truth was that the under-

THE FUTURE OF TV

offer a schedule of blockbuster movies, entertainment specials and soft porn to cable operators across the country who could then sell it to subscribers for an additional monthly fee. The number of viewers willing to pay for quality fare undisturbed by commercials was impressive indeed.

Skeptics argue that television is television, that garbage multiplied by 10 is still just so much more garbage. But that fails to take into account a change in the case of the mass media that has begun to reach even television. It has begun happening quietly in radio—which everyone thought would be consigned to oblivion with the advent of television—for almost 20 years, the with programming designed to draw smaller, loyal audiences, the number of North American stations has almost doubled. The approach, coinciding with changes in the print media as mass periodicals fold and specialty journals flourish, has come to be known as "narrowcasting."

Television is following suit. There is



TV through the decades: from *The Howdy Doody Show* to *WKRP in Cincinnati*. Large audiences waiting for other less



no more flamboyant a symbol of the new television than Atlanta's brash Ted Turner, chairman and CEO of the baseball Braves and operator of the country's first satellite-carried superstation, which supplies much of the sparse video feed to Canada's isolated Northwest. In June, Turner filed his second salvo—a 24-hour all-news network available by cable in 22 million U.S. homes.

Turner is 64½ years old. There are several

religious networks operating in the U.S., offering salvation interspersed with glass for cash. There are others aimed squarely at the huge black and Hispanic minorities in Canada, expectations of the legislation of pay-TV have resulted in the formation of a company to produce and distribute high-quality arts programming. The CBC is planning to introduce a second noncommercial, prime-time service in French and English by January, 1985, to cover special-interest areas such as business, economy, science, the arts and public affairs. In each case the assumption is that large, untapped audiences are waiting for fare that the commercial networks have given them only sporadically, if at all.

But some of the changes in television will be more profound than the marriage of the television screen to other marvels of the electronic age. The presence of home computer terminals (which outsiders say will be as ubiquitous as color TV by 1985 and cost little more) will turn the television screen into much more (than an entertainment) console. Telefax, a Canadian-developed two-way system, has already found markets in South America and Europe, and is being tested in the Washington, D.C., area. By pushing a few buttons, subscribers are connected to the bibliographical resources of the Washington Post and Star, to the district's public library and the Smithsonian Institution, and to the files of several U.S. government agencies. Computer technology can bring any number of capabilities to the television screen. For instance, air-line schedules can be scanned from

Taking TV to the grassroots

"It's not if they will go it. Ted Rogers is firmly believed in the ability of the control room at his Toronto headquarters. He gives us over a call from the CRT at the end of July allowing his company, Canadian Cable Systems Ltd., to acquire control of Premier Communications Ltd. of Vancouver. The take-over will bring his services into 1,100,000 Canadian homes—almost 26 per cent of the nation's cable subscribers. It also makes Rogers, at 47, one of the two or three biggest video entrepreneurs in the world—Canada's answer to Atlantic's shambolic Hulton, Ted Turner.

Rogers comes from broadcast stock. His father, Edward (also known as Ted) invented a tube that revolutionized radio and was the founder of Toronto's CTV in 1967. "Can you imagine it? He isn't asking 'He had to share the channel with another station? In those days, every half-hour had to be insured—you had to bring in the biggest audience possible. To a large extent that's been the rule in television too," Rogers explains the current technological revolution to change that. "Take-theater, will pay a greater cost-per-hour—his idea. 'But they're paying for the ads, not the audience size. They'll reach exactly who they want."

Teaching the people a Rogers' watchword: "Television will reach communities of interest, not geographical entities," he predicts. "We'll have sports programming, cultural events and programs from Italy, Russia and Brazil telecasted live from their own studios in this home, we'll be able to program something we want to see—that as Canadians we'll be proud of—not something we have to tolerate. Nothing if not a free-marketplace, Rog-



Rogers: "It's a syndicate better than anything I'll do for the government?"

ers leads that amalgamation, such as his and goodwill for the industry. "When we form a syndicate we have made it, but that's better than leaving it all to the government?" There was an eight-year delay in launching independent broadcast stations. There was a seven-year delay in allowing color. "He argues what did those things do? They created an audience for the American networks. They asked questions: they delayed the introduction of new services, they stopped the development of high technology equipment and they triggered a massive talent drain to the U.S."

With his new acquisition, Rogers has a realistic plan. The cable system in Vancouver will be totally rebuilt to be the most advanced in Canada. There will be 50 channels, there will be the best sound systems, we'll pay for the options they want. It will be a totally two-way service, with options like burglar and fire alarms, medical alert systems and polling procedures. "You know," Rogers muses, "when you broadcast, you're not sending a signal out to whoever might choose to tune in. But cable is a grassroots kind of system."

B. MacV.

home, reservations made and confirmed, even tickets purchased by TV console. The computer will take Canada a long way toward the satellite society. TV screens will serve as electronic bulletin boards, bringing timely reminders from ourselves or from our neighbors, a continuous away (making travel, as well, into the postal and telephone system). Videocassettes will teach foreign languages, and there will be no more futile flipping through listings for a half-hour direct into movie. With long lists of diseases on file, the viewer will punch in a few numbers and settle back and watch 3000's *Strangest Of Baby* with Katherine Hepburn and Cary Grant. Of course, the bill for two hours' worth of screenful bliss will appear on the next monthly statement.

However much this wide assortment of delights viewed with the cash to play, it has thrown the once-compulsory

industry into near panic. Executives at the U.S. networks badly refuse to discuss it, maneuvering disarming funds into videotape manufacture and the production of shows to be sold to cable systems. In one sense, the large networks maintain their formidable position, they know the business of television better than any of their upstart rivals and they have the financial clout to consolidate their expertise where permitted by law to do so. CTV's Joe Colton says the network is ready to move in any number of directions if it gets a federal green light. "Generally speaking, CTV will continue to operate as it is. But we hope to be on a north-south audit within two or three years and can be totally involved in production and distribution for pay-TV. In the field of programming, we plan to look increasingly to our affiliates for regional coverage and hope to encourage a certain amount of

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above production to appeal to audiences in the North."

The main stumbling block to television change is federal bureaucracy, based on all sides by special-interest groups which lobby for rulings that will benefit them. Things were simpler in the old days. Regulatory bodies, from the days of the Aird royal commission on radio in 1936, came into existence to save the wrong broadcast frequency spectrum from other uses. Broadcasters were issued a license, a frequency and a geographical area to be served with an assigned wattage. Certain conditions (no obscenity, no treason) were attached, but the commissions were there to ensure that radio, and later television, could operate at all.

But, as is the way with bureaucracies, its mandate grew like Topsy. In 1963, the reconstituted CRTC brought cable suppliers under its purview, though the services were excluded by cable transmission. From so, that would have made sense had the commission seen that original suppliers of programs were re-informed for any "intellectual property" picked up by cable concerns. But that has not been done. Rather, the CRTC has ordered U.S. commercially striped from broadcasts simultaneously carried on Canadian channels and replaced with domestic advertising. (It is the CRTC's counterpart, the Federal Communications Commission, has just

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Avenue Rd/St. Clair special
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Bathurst/Davenport 2 bed
small quiet bldg

1 bed to let
2 bath, \$550.00

live cable interests from all but minimal satellites.) The advent of a new medium has always caused crises for copyright laws drawn up principally for the printed word. Stars of Hollywood's post-1945 "Golden Age" resent not a cast of royalties when their films, sold by the studios to the networks, and paid this summer a strike by members of the Screen Actors Guild, demanding terms to ensure royalties from new modes of distribution, then from cable and television production in Hollywood. "The key issue," says veteran film star Walter Matthau, "is some kind of participation in videocassette and cable TV, which is the future. There may not be movies in 10 years, and if there don't have a share we'll be out."

For Canadian broadcasters, the key issue is whether the CRTC has left its usefulness. For instance, David Little, director of planning for the CRTC's Ra-



TV paid in taxes. No controls and taxes a source of Teller's classified info: a boom in local news

phish services division, argues that, as a result of the revolution in broadcast media, the CRTC's basis for regulation has been diminished. "We'll have some broadcast transmitters around for decades, I suppose, but the question we have to ask now is, 'Do we wish to continue regulation to serve some other end?'"

To question this, Little says, is to say that the CRTC has no clues. "Parliament has written that function into our



The CRTC's Little. They can't build an electronic culture under the country's

charter [that it is the CRTC's mandate to "safeguard, strengthen and enrich the cultural, political, social and economic fabric of Canada] and that is our marching orders." To orders they are, especially as Little admits that since he took the commission's helm eight months ago he has discovered that he has been unable to "assess on the broad, big issues that we are confronting—pay-television, satellites, federal and provincial aspects of what we do in regard to national identity and so on—the questions that really are at the heart of what we're doing."

Instead, says the chairman, he is "constantly dealing with daily crises, putting out fires, tackling very specific questions." The next task Little must meet by his hand at beginning next month, is an article-to-basisment review of the Canadian content regulations, which he is addressing their public or their advertising

is not achieving their purpose." Canadians still choose overwhelmingly to watch U.S.-produced programs, and a recent poll of Ontario residents on the legal rights showed that well over half of respondents had submitted erroneous information from watching Yankee sportsman searchers. However, despite such ill-choosing, says Little, the situation is not bleak—at least mitigated—by tripartite sitting in Ottawa are stopping away. "What are they going to do?" wonders the CRTC's Little. "From a pragmatic viewpoint they seem powerless. There's no way they can build an electronic curtain around the country."

But the other side of the coin is that, with accompanying and an increasing decentralization of the television industry, Canada stands to gain more than it will lose. Examples:

• Telson has shown its superiority to British and European systems in the international market.

• The Pulse, an old-fashioned variety show produced in Hamilton Ont., has been sold to 45 countries. The U.S. independent stations and 33 areas in Canada.

• Showtime, the second-largest U.S. pay-TV outlet (an affiliate is now operating in Saskatchewan), regularly uses the Canadian facilities at Toronto's CTV studios (the local CTV affiliate) to produce specials.

Most promising of all, hundreds of channels competing for viewers' attention, will be the boom in local talent. There will be a crash of entrepreneurs, enough programs in the new medium to give some to take a chance on something different without worries of offending their public or their advertising

ers, without pressures to have a minimum fraction of the audience. The television medium should guarantee that video entertainment is in the out of the hands of the market researchers and retained to (at least) its showmen.

For the foreseeable future, the network will continue to be a motivating force in television by supplying the distribution material for the large segment of the audience unable to afford the "frills" and by putting capital into their own production and recycling companies. But the proliferation of video suppliers must inevitably broaden the spectrum of taste. It is a vision of a viewer with their push buttons and, in the case of pay-TV, with their dailies, viewers will be able to circumvent the creation of advertisers. Theatre, ballet and opera both will be able to isolate their season more often than two or three times a year and sports fans will be able to watch everything from local high-school football matches to South American soccer wars. Cheaply produced, professional and public affairs programs, freed from the handicaps of linking backlinks to expensive, audience-grabbing variety specials, will have their day in the sun. Innovative shows, such as United States, said after its showings by CMC, will best opportunities to develop serious play and have a better chance of producing profitable production costs with a wide market for syndication. More television will drive on unbridled, as it has since the debut of The Hongkongers in the new medium, though that sleeping giant of the Canadian airwaves. What change there will be even only be for the best. ☐

And brought to you by...



In just five years the combination of satellite, earth station and cable has effectively revolutionized the television medium. Here's a brief explanation of the technology that is making shopping like a TV show as convenient as it is convenient.

Domestic Communications Satellites

The quarter 14 domestic communications satellites including Canada's first Anik are now in service. These satellites receive TV signals and beam them back to the satellite antennas of networks, stations and cable systems. These high-velocity giant relays are not only not in the line of sight, but they are not in the line of sight.

The fastest-growing cable and pay-TV systems in the U.S. are linked to satellites. Earth Stations. With satellites becoming sophisticated enough to produce super high frequency signals at 10 GHz (10 billion cycles per second), communications companies are planning to develop the

panoramic 360-degree earth stations currently used by commercial carriers to receive the common four air signals and broadcast directly to homes where little periodic receivers permit on window linkers will be capable of receiving the stronger signals. A Washington firm plans to market these one-way stations in three years when its first 10 GHz satellite goes up. That by the October, a new firm will have a first-order portable earth station on the market for anyone with 54,000 who want to pick up 50 channels from 14 satellites. Television's electronic links, aimed with Popular Science articles, are already building their own receivers while communications in Canada's earth are banding together to pay toward a \$50,000 per professional receiver.

Cable TV. When cable TV was developed in the 1950s to serve remote or blocked areas, a single system was capable of carrying five or six channels. In the U.S. today, satellite links make it possible for cable viewers to get 50 channels and a



Calapalapa, portable earth station receivers perched on window ledges

120-channel system is on the way in Canada, and the CRTC allows cablecasters to carry U.S. services via satellite news must content themselves with about 30 channels. Telson Canada Limited of Toronto

can also make the TV and a security guard system, monitoring a transmitter a home every six seconds for the burglary or some disaster, or other problems (cost \$250 installation and \$15 a month).

Pay-TV. Although the federal communications minister Jeanne Sauvé said in 1976 that pay-TV was a year away, the service is not yet available outside Saskatchewan in the U.S. where it has been thriving for the past 10 years. As a cable TV industry, pay-TV is growing, including additional programming for \$15 to \$20 a month. Movies that reach pay-TV before cable or conventional TV are the No. 1 attraction. Competing strongly with the networks, groups are Home Box Office, a Time Inc. subsidiary that has nearly 50 channels, and Showtime, a Viacom International and Time Warner Inc. company, and Warner Communications Inc. and American Express Inc.'s Movie Channel which offers beyond the stock time for a \$14 rate of \$14 a week. Lured in by Canada's regulatory agency a Bell Canada's "Cablecast

of pay-TV equipment—a black box that, when connected to a cable converter and a telephone line, records pay-TV viewing by month on a per channel basis by show or film.

Two-way TV. Using a modified TV set (video display terminal or VDT) and a way, known previously as video text, an information retrieval service connected by telephone lines or leased lines to a data bank. The VDT is contained in the home by a device resembling a television set which allows the viewer to summon up information by simply pushing a button. Telson, Canada's competitive video system developed by the department of communications in the 1970s has been sold to the U.S. and South America, and is being tested in the U.S. this year. 1985. Canadians are expected to pay \$1 billion a year for Telson's linguistic access to classified data, theatre, restaurants, concerts, banking and other services. It is the first of its kind in North America. **Buckley Boudreau**

Refusing the golden handshake



By Rod McKieburgh

It was not exactly a dream job—steering up this guts at the Prince Rupert Fishermen's Cooperative. But for a hefty 60-year-old named Harvard Miller, it was a job he wanted to keep. So when Co-op managers offered him a golden handshake in the fall of 1977 and told him to hang up his anchor, Miller responded bluntly: "Tell it to the judge." Backed by his union, Miller, who still plays rugby football and describes himself as "the oldest ten-a-pair in Canada," challenged the Co-op's right to renege him at 60 against his wishes. Ten months later, in a landmark decision which had newspaper front pages across the country, arbitrator Joe Weiler found in Miller's favor, ruling that the Co-op's mandatory retirement policy violated the B.C. human rights code because it discriminated against employees on the basis of age. The clause was reinstated in his old job and awarded \$6,000 in back wages. Now 68, Miller is still at the Co-op, though he recently switched to a night watchman's job and plans to continue working "as long as my health is good." It's not hard for Harvard Miller to explain why he chose to fight for his job. Purely economic, he says. "I'd rather be dead than living on a pension."



Miller (top) and Weiler (bottom) making ruling

Miller is no longer an isolated case. As double-digit inflation continues to erode private pension plans and the population of Canada grows steadily older, more and more workers—old and healthy—are deciding to resist imposed retirement. Courts and arbitration procedures are becoming increasingly clogged by legal challenges

from workers claiming, as Miller did, that mandatory retirement is an illegal form of age discrimination. Some lawyers are already referring to mandatory retirement as "the civil rights issue of the 1980s." In the wake of a significant retirement ruling in a Manitoba court in June and a human rights commission decision in New Brunswick in February, the case is now expected to reach a head in the Supreme Court of Canada this fall.

It's a complex issue, capable of splitting the normally solid labor movement and causing feelings both wary and hands-off for employers alarmed at the thought of losing the most administrative convenience of retiring everyone at 65. Yet, the impetus for reform is clearly growing. In the United States the mandatory retirement age for most workers was recently raised to 70. The bill required employers to give people the option of working after 65 if they chose to retire then, however, they could still begin collecting maximum pension benefits. Recommendations for similar action by the Canadian government were made last December by a special Senate committee on retirement-age policies following an extensive two-year study. And human rights commissions throughout Canada are investigating any arbitrary retirement age, color for minorities could be health reasons. Says Canadian Human Rights Commission Chief Gordon Fawcett: "We are hearing about this issue all the time and we would like to see Parliament act on the matter. Surely there's no magical difference between a person's ability to perform a job at the age of 64 years and 364 days and 64 years and 365 days." That feeling was shared by the New Brunswick Human Rights Commission last February when it ordered the reinstatement of a worker with back pay—of a 67-year-old crane operator who had been forced to retire at 65.

The momentum is irreversible, according to Gordon Hall, vice-president of William Mercer Limited, a Toronto-based consulting firm specializing in pensions and other employee benefits. He is advising client employers to prepare now. "The question is not whether mandatory retirement will be shelved, but when and through what legislation."

Yet, while many unions are fighting mandatory retirement cases on behalf of their members, the Canadian Labor

Congress (CLC) is opposed to the abolition of a mandatory retirement age, pressing instead for the age of pension eligibility to be lowered and for larger pensions. Retaining mandatory retirement, says CLC Vice-President Shirley Carr, would open the door for employers to be picky and choosy about whom they kept on after 65. "Discrimination could become blatant," she says.

So far, workers challenging mandatory retirement have had mixed success, since a solid legal framework on the issue has yet to emerge, reflecting the patchwork quilt of legislation covering age discrimination in the country. Weiler's decision, for instance, has not been followed by many arbitrators, although some workers have won their jobs back for technical reasons. But a



Carr: Discrimination could become blatant

highly significant ruling was handed down by a Manitoba court this June. Judge John Hamlin ruled that Inmate Melville, a 58-year-old education professor at the University of Manitoba, should be permitted to continue teaching despite a collective agreement between his union and the university that provided mandatory retirement at 65. Judge Hamlin said such a clause was unreasonable in view of provincial legislation prohibiting age discrimination. A definitive legal judgment, however, may have to wait for the Supreme Court of Canada, which has promised mandatory retirement cases leading its way this fall.

Weiler is impatient at what he feels is too slow a pace toward wiping out mandatory retirement, blaming both Canadians' inherent resistance to change and a hostile attitude to older people by a youth-oriented society. Once asked to speak on the issue, Weiler, himself in his early 20s, likes to conclude his talks with the following brief fable: "A peasant makes his old father out of a small wooden trough, apart from the rest of the family. One day he finds his son bring little birds together. 'It's for your when you are old,' says the child. Straightaway, the grandfather is given back his place at the family table."



Lorena lives six years old. She doesn't know. She's with family on grass mats on the floor. Health poor. No money for doctors. Little chance of change.

A cry from the heart



water. Behind every thought, every lesson, every pain, the suffering pain is a constant companion. Even the warmth of family love is powerless to soothe. Tears can be dried, smiles can be coaxed, but still there is hunger, day after day.

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I enclose my first payment of \$10.00 Monthly <input type="checkbox"/>		<input type="checkbox"/> where the need is greatest <input type="checkbox"/> \$37.00 Quarterly <input type="checkbox"/>	
\$10.00 Semi-Annually <input type="checkbox"/> \$20.00 Annually <input type="checkbox"/>		I don't enclose a Foster Parent right now. However I enclose my contribution of \$ <input type="text"/> Please send me more information <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>	
Name <input type="text"/>			
Address <input type="text"/>			
City <input type="text"/> Prov <input type="text"/> Code <input type="text"/>			
I wish communication with PLAN to be in English <input type="checkbox"/> French <input type="checkbox"/>			
PLAN members in Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, India, Pakistan, India, Nepal, Nicaragua, Peru, the Philippines, Sierra Leone, the Sudan and Upper Volta. Foster Parents Plan of Canada is a charitable organization as a Canadian Charitable Corporation by the Federal Government. Contributions are tax deductible.			

MAIL 8180



In a giant's wake

By Mark Budgen

When Mount St. Helens erupted for a second time late last month, the citizens of Yakima, Wash., 130 km east of the volcano, rushed to the grocery stores to stock up. But this time, unlike May 18, when 600,000 tons of heavy ash were dumped on the town of 50,000, the ash cloud passed them by and, instead, gave southwestern British Columbia and southern Alberta a light dusting of grey powder. The rush to the Yakima grocery stores was to stock up on beer and pretzels as that Yakimian could sit out on their balconies and wait to watch the huge white cloud billow northwestward, turning various shades of red in the evening sun. Just as people around the Gulf of Mexico have hurricane parties, people around Mount St. Helens were beginning to have volcano parties. Then, only a week later, they had occasion to swirl even more beer. After a quiet night, Mount St. Helens suddenly belched steam and ash more than 4,500 metres into the air, leaving some Yakimians thinking that the parties may indeed become a tradition.

History may be on their side. In 1842 the volcano began a belching spree that lasted on and off for 15 years. However, if it follows the same pattern this time, there will be more than a lot of partying. There will be a multitude of scientific papers. Mount St. Helens has already become the most closely monitored and reported natural disaster in North American history. Bureaucrats, geologists, economists, meteorologists, sociologists, medical researchers and others from more than 200 disciplines are studying every conceivable effect the volcano is having on people, the environment, the economy (damage to forest lands alone is already estimated at more than \$600 million) and the climate. By the time they're finished years hence, they will have produced enough paper to fill the crater.

Not to be outdone, the Yankee trader instinct is selling as equivalent amount of Mount St. Helens souvenirs. T-shirts and bumper stickers (MOUNT ST. HELENS IS A REAL ASH HOLE) one California pottery company is producing mugs and other ceramics with a volcano-ash glaze. A popular T-shirt depicts a plane being landed with ash and underneath,



Heat from eruption (below) leaves Yonke River steaming (top). Geologists baffled.

the slogan, TO EAT WITH LOVE, LOVE OF ASH FROM MOUNT ST. HELENS, mostly linking two current U.S. obsessions—the apostrophe and the volcano.

Already, no less than four instant books have been published. The most

lively of them, *Volcano: The Anguish of Mount St. Helens* (distributed in Canada by Douglas and McIntyre), sold 250,000 copies in a month in the U.S. and 25,000 in Canada. Spectacular color pictures and stark black and whites are interspersed with horror stories of what happened to people caught by the blast and explanations of what happened to the mountain itself. The bare statistics are awesome. The last, equivalent to 500 Hiroshima explosions, blew 280 metres off the 2,950-metre peak. One cubic mile of material—or one ton for every person on earth—was blown into the air. Because it blew out of the north side of the mountain—very unusual in volcanoes—450 square miles containing forest, roads, streams and recreation areas were devastated and covered with rock and ash to a depth, in some places, of hundreds of feet. There were 31 people killed with another 23 missing, possessed dead, including the delirious, whisky-drinking owner of the Mount St. Helens Resort, 83-year-old Harry Truman. He refused to move, declaring that "the mountain don't have enough stuff in it to kill me."

The "stuff"—rocks, mud and ash—filled Harry Truman and Spirit Lake, the recreational area where he kept his lodge, it flowed down tributaries to the Columbia River valley, within 48 hours, was impossible to fragment at the navigable depth was reduced to feet from 12 metres. Half a million fish and a salmon hatchery were destroyed by 300°C water heated by the explosion. Within days, though, the Columbia was dredged and Wapinitum, the major forest company in the area, was planning to salvage the millions of trees in the blast area. Forestry experts are now experimenting to see how evergreen seedlings react to the ash that is gradually being absorbed into the soil by the roots.

Harry Truman was not the only one panned by the mountain—it continues to buffet geologists. After being caught flat-footed by the July 22 explosion, a disgruntled U.S. government geologist, Tim Platt, told a press conference, "There's no way we can tell what's going to happen, so why?"

If the geologists have given up trying to predict Mount St. Helens' erratic temperature, meteorologists are equally uncertain as to the volcano's long-range effect on the world's climate in Vancouver, ending one of the wettest summers in decades, people blame the volcano as they do a Texas, well-known record-high temperature in Bismarck, where they have had snow in July, meteorologists in West Germany and England see the unexpected mountain as the cause.

Expert opinion is divided. According to research meteorologist Kosta Telo-



Taking precautions under a risk of ash (top left and right), upstate's lakes near volcano (below). "It's less with less."

pus of the U.S. National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, Mount St. Helens is not responsible. He compares the effect of the eruption on the atmosphere to "throwing a pebble into the Pacific Ocean and expecting a tidal wave." Others are less certain. Says Bill Redbank at California's Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, which is measuring the ash in the atmosphere: "There's a strong possibility it could be causing the bad weather in Europe. After Krakatoa erupted in 1883, there was simply no summer the next year. The ash in the stratosphere affects the amount of sunlight reaching the earth and can reduce the average temperature by a few degrees. Mount St. Helens is much smaller than Krakatoa, but, if it continues putting ash into the stratosphere, it could have a noticeable impact because of the cumulative effect."

The result may possibly be more damp and cold summers throughout the

Northern Hemisphere. But even in ash clouds there are silver linings. The ash itself contains considerable amounts of sulphur and trace minerals, which will make good fertilizer. Already, in Yakima, people have noticed improvements in their lawns and vegetables. The volcano, although it was causing loss and renewed social tension in the Pacific Northwest in June, is proving to be a tourist attraction—up to 12,000 people a day are visiting the U.S. Forest Service's two volcano interpretation centres near the site.

In Vancouver, people cast wary eyes 130 km east to Mount Baker, part of the same chain as Mount St. Helens, which has been quietly steaming for five years and erupted in the last century. Mount Hood, south of Mount St. Helens and 40 km east of Portland, Ore., is exerting some interest because of earthquakes in its vicinity. Coincidentally, then, Mount St. Helens may just be the beginning of a chain of eruptions from California to British Columbia. The nightmare is that for some people they could be blessings to end all parties. ☐

There never was a better time for a coup d'état

By Allan Fotheringham

Could you run a government in a swamp? How can you expect legislators in a swamp? When everyone is soaked, can anyone think? The Ottawa in summer, a stinky bath surrounding in a city, a capital indulging in the mass masturbation of shorts and ties when the sensible apparel would be the kiltloach. The vision of the cabinet sitting around clad only in towels.

Perrie Trudeau with a sweat of exuberance leaves adorning his high brow, comes clear as one wades through the humidity as one would jump through a thicket of jungle in the Amazon. This is not civilized living. This is Ottawa.

The inadvisability of locating a country's capital in swamp territory where the mosquitoes roam is never more apparent than now. What is offended most, actually, is the age. Such is the brief, floating tenure of an Ottawa summer that those on the streets—natives and tourists alike—fling off their clothes to reveal as much flesh as possible in the field air. Sure the human frame, clothed by too many exfoliates, weeded bread and sticky pop, in lamphat at best, the human parade seen around Ottawa in August would lure off a moose. The skintight polyester and streaming T-shirts covering those who wear short pants are all in search of a Mosquito would make some future Museum of Man. Snapshots of what you see wandering the Sparks Street Mall would frighten anthropologists searching for the missing link. It is not that one looks in rain for some faint trickles—secret from the fern fashion articles. It is just that one can only see where there is a critical shortage of mirrors in Canada.

The point is all this is that the apparatus in government slows down below its usual sluggish crawl. In the old days of the flag, the British civil servants fled to the moiling mountains in Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for the *JP News Service*.

swage the steamy plains. Since the only position in Ottawa is the site of Jean-Luc Pigeon's age, the retreat is more difficult and governmentally-outrage because the rule. There are mass barbecues than decisions. If ever there was the time for Jack Brown to pull a coup d'état, this is it.

Proof is sovereign that the nation is unarmed comes if you gaze down the bar at the National Press Club. For the only time in 12 months the place is populat-

ness in the walls of your back.

What self-respecting Perry Connell, still-soaked in his Harrow collar, could concentrate his mind completely on the Anals of Red Deer when the Oscar Wilde aka handkerchief tucked in his slacks is soaked with plebeian perspiration? It's unfair, unfair—and the shorts stick so. Bill Bennett of British Columbia sits out three wadded by the breeze of the Japanese current, the tennis court at hand, the seething mist (step at the ready, armed for natural-war warfare against an Ottawa whose main concern is how to get to the bus stop without your shoes being filled by a dog's accumulation of sweat. They should forget regional disparities and equalization agreements, they should put an air-conditioned dome over Ottawa so as to equal up the odds.

Actually, the idea is not all that bad. Flash Gordon had it in his critics in the comic strips decades ago. Here we have this little provincial loss, heretofore rarely smiled in the brain long ago, imperious to outside influences, civil suspect salaries so high that they don't dare venture to the bookends where the taxpayers live, going on into a second century in which one party is almost always in power. In short, a frozen society. Why not preserve it under glass? Government-is-upto. You could fix half the government press release who belly up to the press club bar and render the costs alone as Oiler salaries.

It would make more equitable the present grosser struggle between the cool brains of the West and the beleaguered hangers-on of Ottawa who can't remain kissing sweet beyond 10:30 in the morning. It would, as a side-benefit, should this climatically unfortunate cry against the children and frostbite of winter in Montreal, they are struggling to complete the roof on the Big Dew. In Vancouver, they are starting a dotted stadium. Why should Ottawa, the nation's capital, be deprived of its life's drama: absolute isolation from the outside world?



by journalists completely bereft of the minor rascals, government transportation officers and lobbyists who usually keep the cash register and the vodka humming. If the flocks and wheel-grassers have fed the town, what chance of the Mitograph machine (the heart of all Ottawa's operating)? Without the press release and the exhibition document, what reason government?

The reason why one fears for the nation—not to mention the eyeball—is that there is an unfair distribution of discomfort. Peter Lougheed sits out there, serene in his binder Alberta sub-zero, plotting his off Armageddon. His shirt is unsoaked, his forehead not invaded by rivulets of salt, his Jockey shorts not clammy; in short, a man close to make legal (i.e. Western) mistakes and to plot his plots with strategy, and not sweat, in mind. In Ottawa, where the only imperative is to escape to the fins of the Gatineau hills, the shuffling concern is the stick-

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